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VOL. 26, NO. 3 • SEPTEMBER 14-20, 2016

2016 GENIUS AWARDS!

THE BEST ARTS
PARTY OF THE YEAR
IS SEPTEMBER 24
AT THE MOORE

P. 7

MEET THE NOMINEES

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INSIDE:

SEATTLE ART PERFORMANCE

OUR COMPREHENSIVE GUIDE TO THE FALL ARTS SEASON

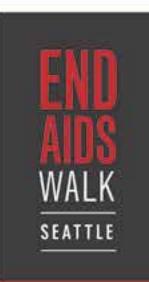
DURING THE HEIGHT OF THE AIDS EPIDEMIC, THEY LOST OVER 500 FRIENDS



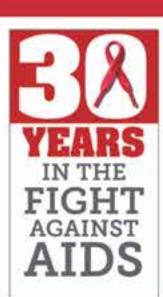


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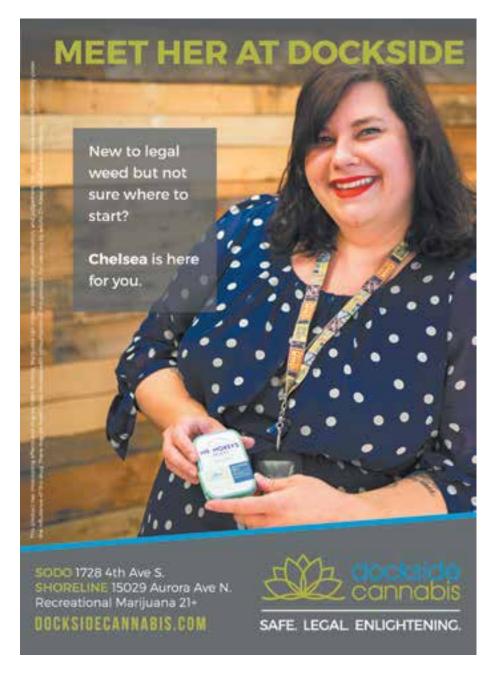


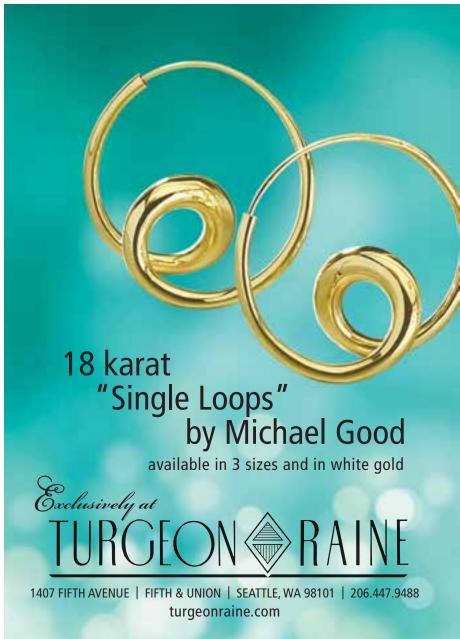


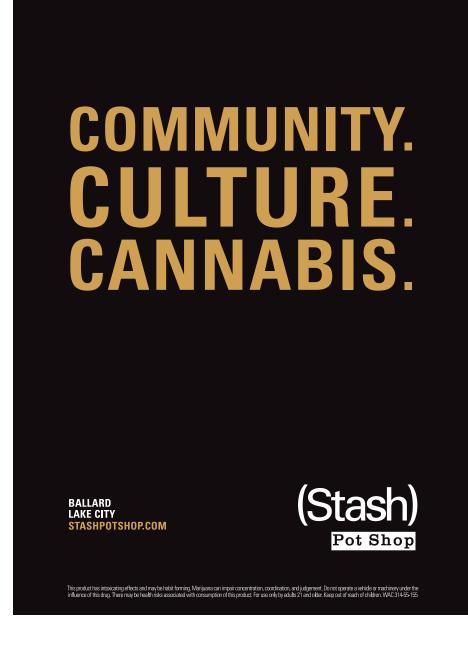








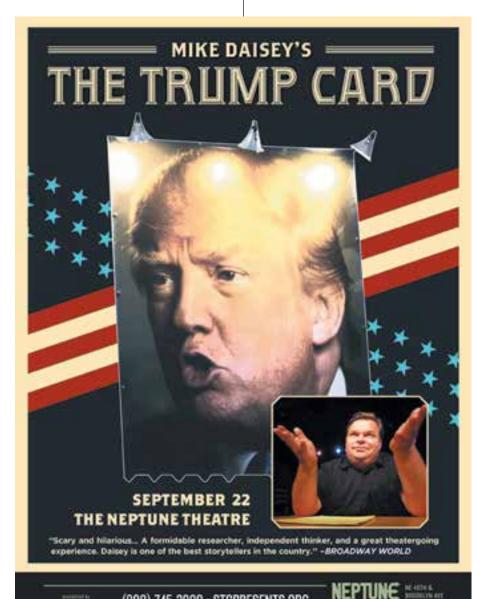














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the Stranger

Volume 26, Issue Number 3 September 14-20, 2016



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Illustration by **WESLEY HAMILTON** wesleyh.com

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THE STRANGER 1535 11th Avenue, Third Floor, Seattle, WA 98122 VOICE (206) 323-7101 FAX (206) 323-7203 SALES FAX (206) 325-4865 HOURS Mon-Fri, 9 am-5:30 pm $\textbf{E-MAIL} \ editor@the stranger.com \\$

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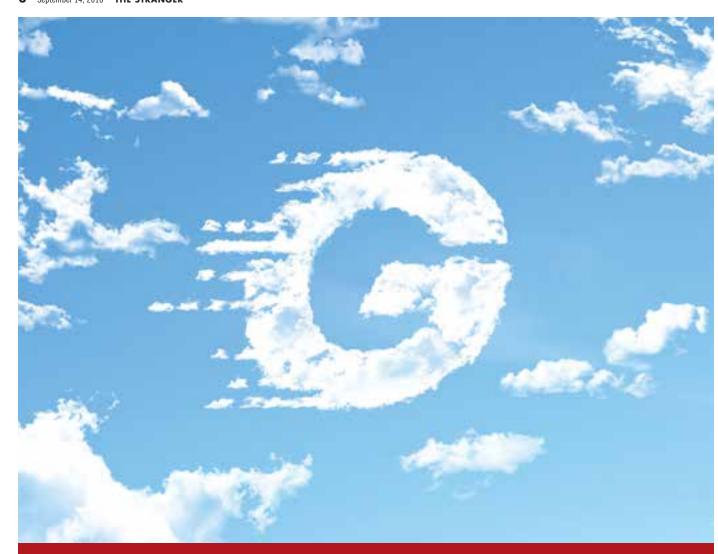
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(9/14) Sustainable Path presents Innovative Solutions to **Sustainability Challenges**

(9/15) Town Hall and KUOW present Region of Boom A PechaKucha Event

(9/15) Earshot Jazz presents Stanley Cowell Trio with Jay Anderson and Billy Drummond

(9/16) Ian Bogost A Game Changer for Your Life

(9/17) Seattle Public Library **Jeffrey Toobin** Politics, Media, and the Law

(9/19) Benjamin Bergen 'What the F?'

(9/19) Mary Beard A Revisionist History of Rome

> (9/20) J.A. Jance 'Downfall'

(9/21) MIT Enterprise Forum NW Jimmy Jia How Energy Gets its Power

> (9/21) Mara Wilson Where Am I Now?

(9/22) North Face presents **REEL ROCK 11 Tour**

> (9/22) Ian Brown Sixty Years Young

(9/23) North Face presents REEL ROCK 11 Tour

(9/23) Akhil Reed Amar Understanding 'The Constitution Today'

(9/24-25) Sounds True presents Mark Nepo: Making Sense of Our Experience (2-Day Workshop)

(9/24) Seattle Atheists and Windmill Ministries present Atheism Versus Christianity: Which is More Reasonable?

(9/25) Razia Jan Educating Girls in Afghanistan

(9/26) Presidential Debate **Viewing Party**

(9/26) University Bookstore presents Jonathan Safran Foer: 'Here I Am'

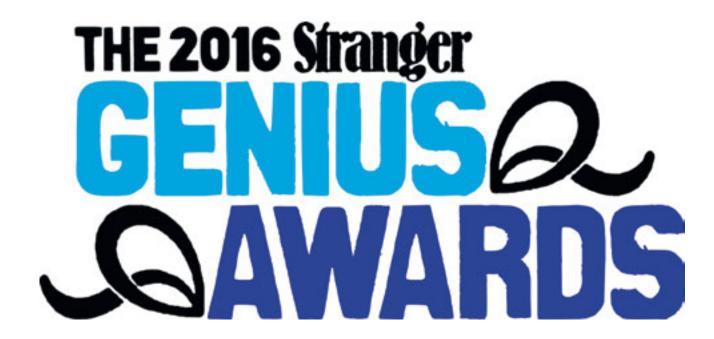
(9/26) Bill Burnett and Dave Evans Designing a Well-Lived Joyful Life

> (9/27) Brett Finlay 'Let Them Eat Dirt'

(9/27) Town Hall and UWAA present 2016 Election: **How Did We Get Here?**

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IT'S THE BEST ARTS PARTY OF THE YEAR. YOU'LL GET TO MEET THE 15 MOST

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It's the 14th Annual Stranger Genius Awards. The Stranger believes the mainstream media does a terrible job of talking about \boldsymbol{good} \boldsymbol{art} and what makes it good. The Genius Awards are our way of doing something about that—shining the light of media attention on the artists who are doing revolutionary things in their studios. And giving them the money they need to keep doing it.

In this issue, you'll find profiles of the **15 artists** nominated for Stranger Genius Awards this year. Five of them will leave the party with \$5,000 each. Nominees are selected by critics at The Stranger, and those critics vote in a blind ballot along with all previous Stranger Genius Award winners to select this year's recipients. None of us know who this year's winners are until it's announced from the stage at the Moore.

The Seattle Rock Orchestra will be hosting the party, and they have a few surprises up their tuxedo sleeves, including live musical collaborations with a few of this year's music finalists. The other four categories artists are nominated in are literature, performance, art, and film.

Pull out your best clothes, get your shoes shined, prepare for a night of $\mbox{dancing}$ and $\mbox{merrymaking},$ and meet us at the Moore a week from Saturday.

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SILAS BLAK

HAS:

A rap style that no one can imitate.

MAKES: Rhymes that are filled with brilliance but are not always easy to follow.

Also a highly regarded chef who used to cook at Kingfish Cafe.

n the mid-1990s, a number of talented young rappers and producers in Seattle's then-black neighborhood, the Central District, made a bold move. They decided to abandon the mainstream and develop a new and profoundly local form of hiphop that blended East Coast boom-bap, jazz samples from the modern moment (1955 to 1968), and something that can only be described as the Northwest aesthetic—the dark green of our trees, the long months without sun, the numerous days of drizzle. One underground crew was Silent Lambs Project, which was basically two rappers, Jace ECAj and Silas Blak, working with some of the best producers/DJs of that period: King Otto, Mr. Hill,

Most local headz first discovered Jace ECAi and Silas Blak on K Records' 1998 compilation Classic Elements, which featured crews from Tacoma and Seattle. Blak displayed on his tracks a style that's deep, complicated, and combative. Blak was not

about hot anger, but the slow-burning variety. Two years after Classic Elements, Jace and Blak released a masterpiece called Soul Liquor. Each track on this work is infused with that Northwest mood and has Jace and Blak going back and forth not like rappers but horn players. Before you understand a word of what they are saying, all you hear is the music of their densely rhythmic stretching, bending, and shortening of these words.

Blak has been in the business for two solid decades. He's still growing, still experimenting, still combative. Indeed, there are few rappers who get better as they age. Most become irrelevant (50 Cent) or get stuck in

the past (Coolio) or go into decline (Eminem). Blak seems to have achieved a kind of creative escape velocity that has placed him in a permanent state of exploration. Check out the gorgeous and pounding records #BlakFri $day: The\ Mixtape\ and\ Editorials: (wartunes)$ he released last year with the cultural disruptors at the Cabin Games label.

"I have never worked with this kind of production before," Blak explained to me as we sat in the Cabin Games studio on a sunny summer day. "But once I got into it, it was easy for me to do my thing."

The interesting thing about Blak is the person on the mic is not the same as the person in person. Blak is a calm cat. He discusses the ups and downs of his life with none of the passion and combativeness you hear on his recordings. When talking about how Silent Lambs Project started, he calmly discusses his run-in with the law in the early '90s and how Jace and his family pretty much saved him from prison. "They came to the court and pleaded to the judge for me, and the judge gave me one more chance. I will always be grateful to them for that." And we too should be thankful, because the city might have lost one of its most talented and intelligent rappers to the slammer of so much black creativity. —CHARLES MUDEDE

ERIK BLOOD

MAKES:

Richly layered shoegaze rock, hiphop, and electronic/orchestral film music that's infused with an air of profound sensuality and mystery.

HAS:

Helped to elevate Shabazz Palaces to the summit of the experimentalhiphop world with innovative production techniques.

WANTS:

To score more films and produce more artists whose music he loves.

rik Blood and his guitar-playing/singing partner Irene Barber recently cast a deep spell on the Bumbershoot crowd at KEXP's gathering space with a set of beautiful, angelic rock, drawing heavily from 2016's excellent Lost in Slow Motion LP. It was a dreamy deviation from the madness and blandness that afflicted some of Bumbershoot's other stages. After the last song, Blood removed his costume, which made him look like Alejandro Jodorowsky's alchemist character in The Holu



Mountain, to reveal a T-shirt with slogans advocating to Block the Bunker (the proposed expensive police compound in North Seattle) and to assert that Black Lives Matter. Blood's music may be soothing, but he also displays an understated militancy for righteous causes.

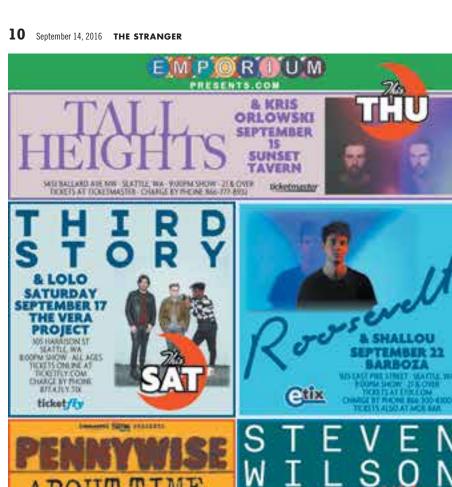
A week before the versatile multi-instrumentalist's moving Bumbershoot performance. he welcomed me to Black Space Studio at the Old Rainier Brewery building, which he rents with Shabazz Palaces' Ishmael Butler and Tendai Maraire. In the studio, Blood uses both analog and digital recording methods, but when it comes to drums, he insists on going with tape. That preference pays off when you hear the vividly punchy beats on his solo releases and those of Shabazz Palaces, with whom he's a key auxiliary member.

One late August night, Blood is painstakingly working in ProTools with snippets of Seattle R&B band Pickwick's forthcoming album, which he produced. The process is called "bouncing stems," which Blood describes as "selecting specific tracks from the recordings and making isolated versions of them that they can load onto a sampler or any sort of triggering device and use them at shows.' He admits this can be "pretty tedious," but he accomplishes the task good-naturedly. You sense that any time Blood spends in the studio-whether toiling on other artists' music or his own—is treasured.

What makes Blood such a revered producer is his easygoing manner and his ability to locate musicians' strengths and then augment them. Pickwick implicitly trusted Blood enough to let him contribute to the songwriting on a couple of tracks—an unusual occurrence. Blood says that he took songs that "didn't talk to my body in some way" and tweaked them so that they would. "Everyone got really energized during those sessions, because it's fun when you're working with a band and you open the flower petals and show them there's more to this than you knew. You brought me this closed piece and allowed me to peel it back and expose all these other wonders that live inside of it. It's a cool record and it's super-funky and real weird... just like I like it," Blood says, smiling.

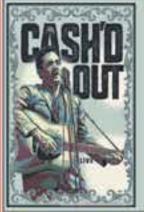
His back catalog of music imbues rock, electronic music, and hiphop with poignancy and exquisitely detailed atmospheres. He is one of the region's most adept musicians at transporting listeners into fantastical realms. Nothing he touches sounds mundane.

"You absorb everything you take in—and when you work in this medium and that's how you express yourself, it's like expanding your vocabulary or learning new languages. Blood observes. "It's like being able to speak to larger or different groups of people, or a newer language that old folks don't get or young people don't get. I've always existed in my own kind of thing with that." And that's partially why he's a genius at creating enduring works. —DAVE SEGAL









& THE DELTA BOMBERS FRIDAY NOV 18 TRACTOR TAVERN SAFE WALLARD & W. SAFE W. SAF

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THE STRANGER September 14, 2016 11

HARDLYART

A record label that has thrived in the era of the death of the record label.

OPERATES AS:

An autonomous subsidiary of Sub Pop, run by Sarah Moody (center), Jason Baxter (right), and Matt Kolhede (left).

TAKES:

Its name from a lyric in the Thermals song "No Culture Icons.

ardly Art is the first record label ever nominated for a Stranger Genius Award. It's worth taking a moment to consider how influential this label has been in fostering the current golden age of Seattle rock music.

The decline of the record business and the rise of downloads and streaming as the dominant means of listening have required that bands develop a new way of existing in the world. That challenge has been exponentially more difficult for labels, which have not only lost their traditional means of making money but also their sense of necessity. The internet is lousy with good ways for bands to release their own music, promote their own tours, and communicate directly with their audiences.

Nevertheless, during the very years when this change has been most evident, Hardly Art, a small imprint started by Sub Pop Records (which has also done an excellent job of weathering the storm) and run by two people, general manager Sarah Moody and publicist Jason Baxter, has fostered a very influential, maybe even dominant, aesthetic. They focus on local, proudly feminist, prominently female artists. But not exclusively.

Consider what the past few years of Seattle music would have sounded, looked, and felt like without Hardly Art releases by Tacocat, Chastity Belt, La Luz, S, and Gazebos, to name a few. (Consider, too, the artistic growth of those bands from album to album.) Now add to that list such out-of-town stars



as Shannon and the Clams, Protomartyr, and Colleen Green. Then note the recent signing of Kathleen Hanna's band, the Julie Ruin. A pattern emerges.

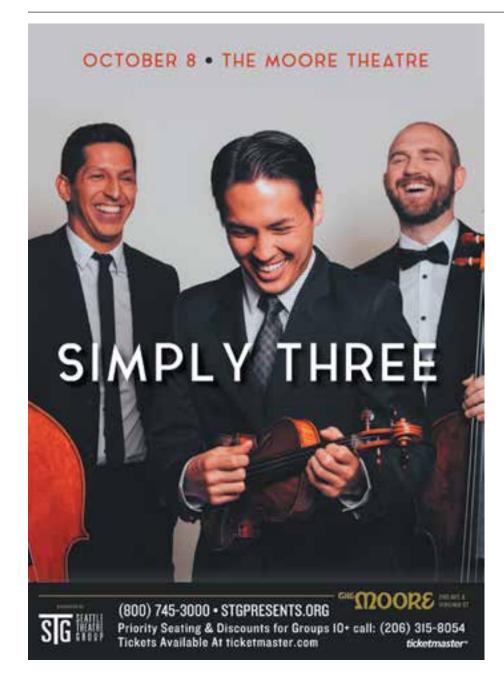
Moody and Baxter recently celebrated their successes by hiring a third member of the team, Matt Kolhede, to oversee digital sales and media.

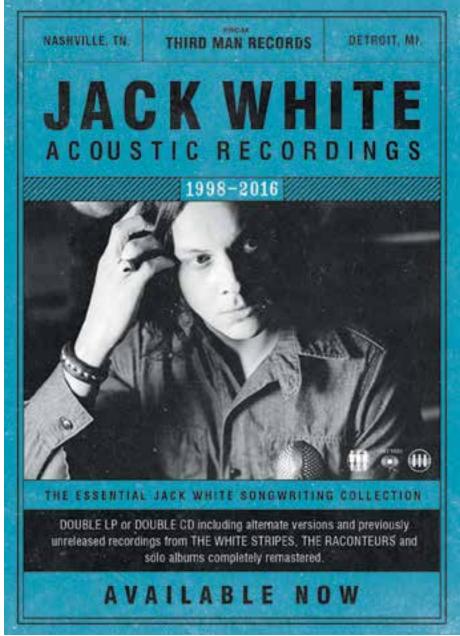
The art of the record label is a beautiful tradition, equal parts (please forgive me) curation, intuition, vision, faith, and realism. Which really means art and commerce. And yet Baxter (a former Stranger intern, apparently—I never worked with him) says the commerce element of the label is less central than one might imagine.

"At the risk of sounding pretentious," Baxter says, "though we take marketing very seriously and pay very close attention to fluctuations in industry trends, we really don't operate in much of a business mind-set. The impetus for the creation of the label was to provide exposure for deserving underground-level artists, and it remains our mission to this day. It's always a pleasant surprise when our bands become greatly profitable, whether that's a result of licensing, sales, or touring.'

As for the overall aesthetic, Baxter says: "This was never an intentional thing—it happened organically over years of signing decisions. If I had to pinpoint a year when it dawned on us that (A) there was a relative consistency in the 'sound' of our roster and (B) a majority of our bands included or were fronted by women or LGBT individuals, I'd say it was... 2013 or 2014?"

Hardly Art has had a big couple years since then. Big enough that one naturally wonders if they can keep it up. "I sure as hell hope so," Baxter says. "Personally, I hope we can keep our operation small. It would be good to maintain our 'DIY label with benefits' (distribution, marketing, international, etc.) vibe." —SEAN NELSON







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Carrie Imler in Symphony in C, choreography by George Balanchine © The School of American Ballet, © Angela Sterling.



ERFORMANCE

EMILY CHISOL

HAS: Acted in all kinds of plays, from George Bernard Shaw to Annie Baker, for all kinds of theater companies.

CAN: Nail the accent.

WILL:

Serve as associate artistic director of New City Theater's forthcoming season.

ost of an actor's life consists of not getting work. As a consequence, not every actor—not even every exceptionally talented actor—has the good fortune to be able to say no when opportunities do come along. Emily Chisholm is exceptionally talented, as anyone who has seen her perform can attest. Superlatives attach to her like iron to a magnet.

In 2004, critic Bret Fetzer pointed out that her performance in Psycho Beach Party turned what would have been a merely funny show into a "fantastic" one. Playing a surfer girl with multiple personalities, "she practically explodes out of her own impish body as she bounces, scampers, and writhes all over Northwest Actors Studio," Fetzer wrote. In 2015, critic Brendan Kiley wrote in a review of the Pulitzer Prize-winning play The Flick that Chisholm "owns the stage... flirting through her scowl and sneaking morsels of compassion through the bars of her sarcasm."

Her performances have drawn many more accolades besides. Another Stranger critic still talks about her performance in the 2012 production of Keri Healy's play Torso. We've been talking about nominating Chisholm for a Genius Award for years.

At the moment, she's taken a bit of a pause.

After years of making all kinds of theater, "I want to be more selective about the plays I agree to work on," she says. "And I'm interested in working in other areas as well." For example, she's the associate artistic director of New City Theater's forthcoming season.

Having found a groove as a working actor, playing lead roles at New City, Seattle Rep, and Seattle Shakespeare back-to-back-to-back. does it feel okay to choose not to act for a while?

"No!" she laughs. "It's interesting, because for me, even beginning this career was about giving myself permission to do the work. So now I've had to give myself permission to stop. And I've had to turn a few things down for the fall, and it's like everything in my body is saying 'yes!' And I have to stop and rethink the decision. Which is great, forcing myself to consider why. That's something I'm really interested in as a producer: Why we choose to tell the story, why we're telling the play. The work I'm the most invested in as an actor is when I have a very strong 'why' behind doing the show beyond just this is a smart choice, career-wise."

So what kind of "why" leads her to decide to take a role?

"A lot of them have been based on fear," she says, surprisingly. "I find after I've said ves to something that terrifies me, I learn the most from those experiences—there was something in this story, this play, this character that I needed to explore but probably couldn't articulate to myself at the beginning."

Her fears usually involve "whether or not it's relevant to anyone, whether or not the director has a sensitivity to it to make it really sing, and whether or not I think I can actually deliver the performance the play deserves." It is this deep sense of the material that yields such masterful and revelatory performances. "The fear," she says, "is the greatest instinct." —SEAN NELSON

NOELANI PANTASTICO

Excellent lines in her petit allegro.

MAKES:

"Story ballets" feel less mechanical and more like, well, stories.

WANTS:

To get into performance art after she retires from ballet.

aybe you wouldn't expect a principal ballerina who's been dancing professionally for 20 years to plop down at Streamline Tavern with a pint of beer in her hand and a denim jacket slung over her shoulders, but that's just how Pacific Northwest Ballet's Noelani Pantastico rolls. When asked, she even busted out her "Pantasticos"—custom shoes made especially for her feet by Freed of London—and banged them on the barroom table. She was demonstrating how she "pounds the noise out of her shoes' so that she doesn't "sound like an elephant" when she leaps across the stage.

Pantastico didn't grow up in a family of dancers. She's a Hawaii-born military kidone of six-whose parents moved around every few years or so until they wound up in Pennsylvania. At 16 years of age, she secured her apprenticeship contract with PNB, but she

officially joined the company at 17. She stayed with PNB for a decade, during which period she became a principal dancer known for her incredible technical skills—huge jumps, lots of turns—until she hit a crossroads.

She could continue on perfecting PNB's Balanchine-like house style (fast-paced, technically rigorous) or she could take a huge pay cut and travel around with a band of Frenchy nobodies at Les Ballets de Monte-Carlo based in Monaco. She wanted to shake things up, so she hauled off to Europe, where she danced for Princess Caroline (and many others) for seven years. Last November, at 36, she returned to PNB a completely new, more versatile dancer.

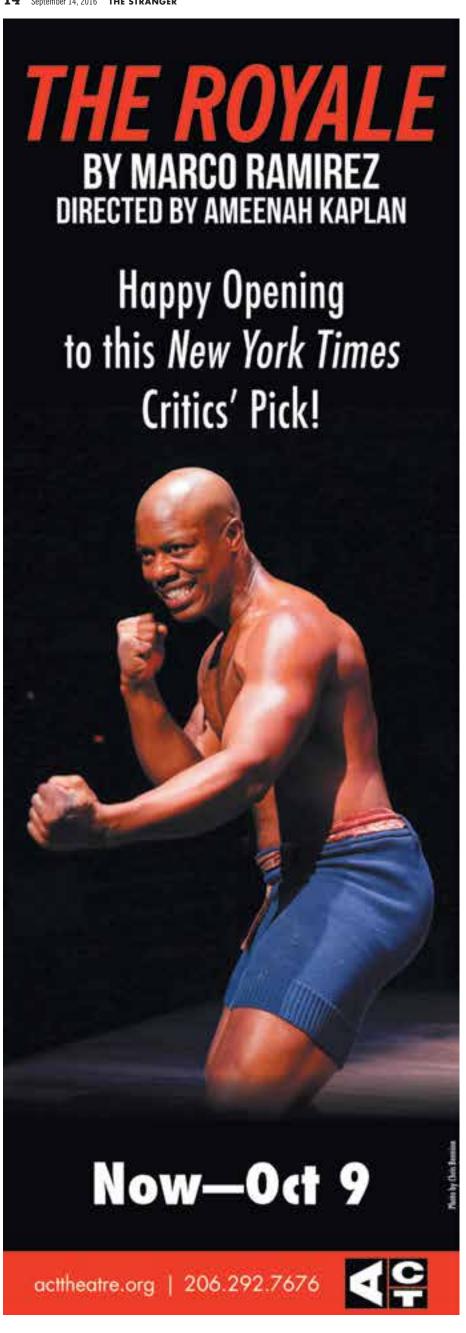
Though she may have lost half a step in Monaco, she's gained a greater understanding of why she's taking those steps in the first place. She's not just an explosive technician anymore—she's an artist looking to add layers of complexity to the characters she inhabits. And her portrayal of Juliette as a rambunctious and powerful young woman in last fall's production of Jean-Christophe Maillot's Roméo et Juliette showed Seattle audiences just how much she learned.

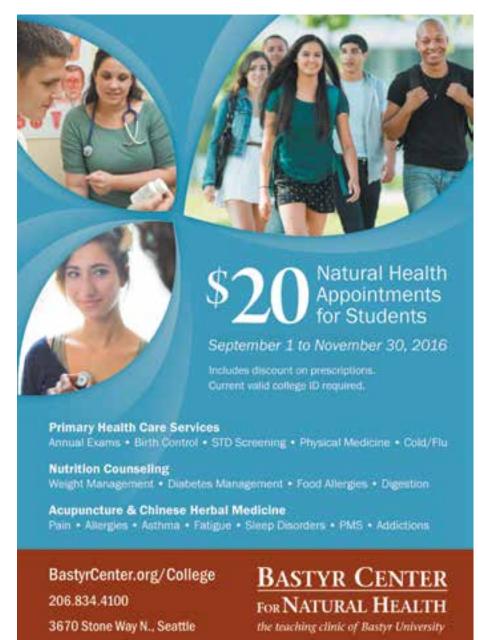
The difference between an unforgivably sappy gesture and an act of grace that fully expresses the thrill and agony of human desire can come down to a quarter-inch adjustment of the angle of a dancer's wrist. That's the level of detail that Pantastico is examining now



when she researches and rehearses her roles. In Roméo et Juliette, for instance, there's a moment when the two young lovers are being pulled away from each other, and then they both try to reach out at the same time, arms strained and fingers fluttering in the hopes of one final touch. During rehearsals for that scene, Pantastico was angling her hand slightly upward. Watching video of this moment afterward, she and the choreographer realized that the wrist should be stiff. The wrist at an angle is a performance of desire, whereas the wrist reaching straight out looks like someone desperately trying to grab ahold of something. It's a small fix, but it's a big moment in the performance, and that little flick of the wrist ended up transforming a cheesy Disney goodbye into a heart-rending moment.

"On the days it works really well, it's all about intention," Pantastico says. "If I'm really being genuine to the actions and reactions, then it's magic, then you're watching me really fall in love up there." That kind of thinking is more complex than "hit the step, hit the step, hit the step," and it's the difference between a masterful but empty performance and one that brings a character—and an entire ballet—to life. —RICH SMITH







THAT'SWHATSHESAID

Three heads and a body made of other bodies (of work).

A collaboration between performer Erin Pike (right), playwright Courtney Meaker (left), and director HATLO

LAUNCHED:

A national conversation about copyright law and gender equity.

rin Pike was on the normal actor track. She had her monologues ready. She was gunning for roles. When she wasn't onstage, she was in the audience supporting her friends in their acting endeavors. She enjoyed performing, but she was also "experiencing a lot of frustration, fatigue, and curiosity" about the roles she was getting.

She noticed that there were fewer parts for women in Seattle theater than for men, and that the roles weren't as interesting. She often felt as if she were "a prop for a man" onstage. When she'd see her women friends in plays, even if they were in leading roles, their characters didn't seem to have much agency.

Local playwright and theater reviewer Courtney Meaker agreed with Pike. The two had worked together in the past, and as they sat talking one day at a cafe, Pike and Meaker wondered what would happen if they "isolated the female characters from the context of their plays" and dumped them all into one



play. "Would we have enough material for a show?" Pike wondered.

They did. Over the next couple years, Meaker and Pike created *That'swhatshesaid*. Meaker stitched together the lines of dialogue for women from the most produced plays in the United States, and Pike embodied the roles of dozens of women in channel-flipping fashion. After workshopping and trial running the show a few times. Pike asked HATLO to come on as director for the infamous production in Calamus Auditorium, a 50-seat theater

at the back of Gay City on Capitol Hill.

The genius thing about That's what she said is that it offers a feminist critique of theater on theater's own terms. Being a woman actor in the contemporary theater scene takes a high physical and emotional toll on a woman's body, as Pike's powerful, nuanced, and humorous performance demonstrated. Over the course of an hour, an invisible hand pushed her to the ground several times. She took off her clothes a lot. By the end of the show, she was wet with fake tears, covered in smeared

makeup, and panting. That's what it can feel like to be a woman in theater.

The play launched a national conversation about copyright law when Samuel French sent a cease and desist order two hours before curtain. The dramatic-works publisher cited potential copyright infringement, but they were effectively trying to silence a play about women being silenced by the theater industry. The show went on with lines from one play redacted, which meant that Pike suddenly had to perform an altered version of the script. Her starts and stops and calls for lines only made the show more powerful. Later on, another publisher, Dramatists Play Service, filed a cease and desist, too. By that point, the story of the show had gone viral.

Since then, none of the playwrights represented by the publishers have sued That'swhatshesaid. Despite a few trolls here and there, Pike says she's received mostly positive feedback from people all over the world. A student at Edward R. Murrow High School in New York took the most-produced plays for high schoolers and performed her own version. Plans for a That's what she said national tour fell through, but the goal now, the team says, is to enter the script into the public domain so that people can produce it themselves. HATLO says the theater artists and dramaturgs they've been meeting on their travels have expressed excitement about the play, and a lot of people responsible for choosing productions for Seattle theaters told them they considered the reception of That's what she said in their process.

That's progress of a kind, but for Meaker, HATLO, and Pike, it only represents the beginning. "My intention with the show was to condemn this whole system, and I think we achieved that with our play," HATLO says. "But there's more to do."—RICH SMITH



"All hair types are welcomed!"



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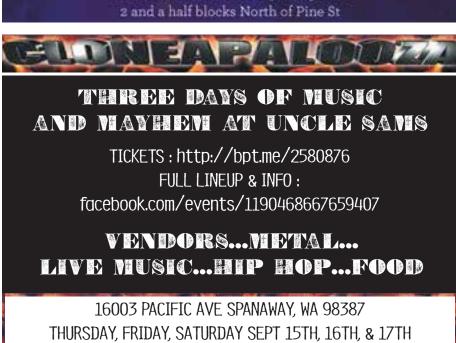
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PUBLISHES:

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DESIGNS:

Their gorgeous books from the inside out.

ditor in chief Joshua Beckman (left) and editor at large Matthew Zapruder helm one of the best-respected independent presses in the country out of a modest, book-lined office in Eastlake.

Their curatorial efforts are supported by a staff including managing editor Heidi Broadhead (right), publicity director Brittany Dennison (center), subscriptions and distributions manager Blyss Ervin, and a rotating cast of interns from local creative-writing programs.

For what it's worth, Zapruder is now less involved than he used to be, but he was one of the founding editors of Wave, which began life as Verse Press, and he's busy with other things—these days as poetry editor for the New York Times Magazine.

Wave has consistently published books that readers didn't know they needed. They're books that it's hard to imagine other presses publishing with the level of care and attention required to make them really hit, including



CA Conrad's genre-defying/defining A Beautiful Marsupial Afternoon, Mary Ruefle's syllabus-ready Madness, Rack, and Honey, and Tyehimba Jess's dense and musical Olio.

And over the course of the last 10 years, Wave Books has also hosted a bunch of fun one-off events around Seattle-ranging from translation festivals to a "poetry bus" tour.

The general mission of the press seems to be to develop close relationships with authors, and then let those authors write what they want. Broadhead told me that some of the relationships between the authors and Wave editors go back "years and years," and that many of the books take just as long to write.

"We want to publish books that people are still reading in 50 years—that's our dream," Broadhead says. Many literary presses have a similar dream, but, thanks to a generous endowment by founder Charlie Wright. Wave has a little more room to make their editorial decisions based on what they think is the right thing to publish, not on what they think will sell. They still have to sell books, of course—and they do—but the money goes back into making more books. What began as a six-book-per-year operation is now a 13-to-14-book-per-year operation.

Wave may keep its poetic aesthetics fluid, but thanks to poet and book designer Jeff Clark, you always know a Wave book when you see one. Each book gets a solid-color hardback and a matte-white paperback. They never have blurbs or images, so you can

"experience the book as the author wants you to experience it," says Dennison.

"Each book is designed from the inside out," Broadhead says, which means that each book's size is responsive to each poet's line, and that the book's typography always bears some metaphorical relationship to the text. The result of this close attention between design and text is an object that needs to exist as a book. Not as an e-book (though Wave does have some—they don't sell very well), not as an app, not as a website, but as a book. A book book.

In a publishing landscape where people openly wonder if we require the technology of the book at all anymore, each year Wave keeps giving us reasons to answer that question with a yes. —RICH SMITH

LINDY WEST

Extremely funny.

USED TO: Work at The Stranger.

RECENTLY:

Published a memoir, Shrill, about her "transformation from a terror-stricken mouse-person to an unflappable human vuvuzela.

indy West used to be shy. It's hard to imagine. When she was an intern at The Stranger in 2005, she hardly said a word. It was only after she starting writing theater reviews and then movie reviews that the full force of her one-of-a-kind mind—and, specifically, her gift at humor—became clear.

She's brain-meltingly funny. Her debut memoir, Shrill, tries to answer the question about how she got less shy in a chapter called "How to Stop Being Shy in Eighteen Easy Steps." It turns out that there aren't exactly 18 steps and that she has no advice: "Women



ask me, 'How did you find your voice? How can I find mine?' and I desperately want to help, but the truth is, I don't know... Every human being is a wet, gassy katamari of triumphs, traumas, scars, coping mechanisms, parental baggage, weird stuff you saw on the internet too young, pressure from your grandma to

take over the bodega when what you really want to do is dance, and all the other fertilizer that makes a smear of DNA grow..."

Much of Shrill concerns misogyny, fat acceptance, and internet trolls. The other day at her house in Columbia City, we were talking about how political her work became after The Stranger—she went on to be a staff writer for Jezebel, and she's now a weekly columnist for the Guardian—and she said she misses the days of writing about Sex and the City 2.

"I miss being funny," she said. "I certainly never thought I would be a political writer. I don't know anything about politics." She clarified: "I think of my job as calling attention to perspectives that get overlooked. We still think of straight white dudes as the baseline standard 'person,' and media and politics reflect that. I think of it as my job to remind people there is no default human being."

And then she said, "Next book: no feelings, no politics, all jokes."

She grew up in Seattle and went to Garfield High School, like her parents. At Occidental College in Los Angeles, her favorite writers were Herman Melville, William Faulkner, and Toni Morrison, She moved back to Seattle and got a job at City People's Mercantile, where "one of my bosses was Martha Plimpton's mom, Shelley." Lindy's father was the jazz musician Paul West, who introduced her to music and comedy records. "I know a lot of novelty songs because of my dad," West said. "I can sing Tom Lehrer's 'The Elements.' That's my party trick."

You will mainly find her writing in generic, uncool coffee shops: "If somewhere has too much character, it's disgusting. I work at Starbucks a lot, which I know is scandalous." She wouldn't want to live in New York City, calling it "pretension Olympics." She loves Seattle: "When I'm on a plane coming into Seattle and I see Seattle, my blood pressure drops." — CHRISTOPHER FRIZZELLE







ROBERT LASHLEY

MAKES:
Poems rocket off the page.

Southern roots. Northern shoots. Tools to turn the blues different colors.

WANTS:

To sing lead vox in a parody R&B cover band.

mateurs find art therapeutic because it allows them to "express themselves," but poet Robert Lashley finds therapy in work itself. For him, high-sounding descriptions of a love lost or a tragedy endured don't heal as much as crafting the correct metaphor does. Allowing yourself to "feel feelings" doesn't move as much as shaping a wild rhythm does. In this way, though Lashley's poems often emerge from personal traumas and daily observations of his neighborhood, drafting a poem is closer to refurbishing an alternator than it is $% \left\{ 1\right\} =\left\{ 1\right\} =\left\{$ to writing a diary entry.

He inherits his approach to poetry from his uncle Moe, who was born in 1920 in Mississippi. According to Lashley, Uncle Moe was a wonk. "He didn't believe in 'first thought, best thought.' He believed in 'hundredth thought. best thought." And he was a "rhapsodist," Lashley said, "in the way that the Harlem Renaissance poets were rhapsodists"—they



had to find the right music. "He would stutter, he would t-t-t-try to find the right words when things were too much."

Lashley stutters when it gets too much, too. Like his uncle, he's a rhapsodist, finely fashioning the language as it leaves him. He'll get caught up on a word or a sound until he catches the path of the sentence he wants. Lashley walks you through luminous ideas, gorgeous vignettes, or disturbing stories from his past buttressed by lines from writers such as Saul Bellow, Czeslaw Milosz, Ralph Ellison, Gwendolyn Brooks, and Thom Gunn. If you ever find yourself talking to a writer and they drop a line from Gunn in the same breath as a line from Brooks, you can assume that writer's working with a deep bench.

Lashlev was raised in a house of scholars. His mom, his grandmother, and his aunts formed a babysitting pact. He describes them as "second-wave feminist English majors from the Deep South." Those women and his

uncle offered him stability during his father's reign. The "it" that gets too much for Lashlev is the trauma he experienced as a kid. "I'm a survivor of violence and sexual abuse," he says. "I'm on disability, I'm a caregiver, and I'm schizoaffective. I've had some blues." But then he paraphrases a line from James Baldwin: "You think you're the only person who suffers in this world, but then you read."

In his books—The Homeboy Songs and his forthcoming Up South—Lashley cuts highlyric lines with the language of his Tacoma Hilltop neighborhood in a way that makes you realize the false distinction between the two. He writes love poems, elegies, and poems of daily observation. He eschews what he calls "masturbatory obscurantism" and favors political poems that don't lecture. "In making a poem that does nothing but lecture you, the writer is subconsciously telling the reader that their life is unworthy as a subject," he says. That's the heart of his

work—bringing to bear his deep knowledge of the traditions of poetry to explore the emotional, intellectual, and spiritual complexity of the people he grew up around.

And to hear him read! You know how some poets speak with poet voice? Lashley doesn't speak with poet voice. He speaks quickly and loudly. He embodies the pain and joy in the poems-sometimes he seems ecstatic, sometimes he seems fed up at the world, sometimes he'll even sing. —RICH SMITH

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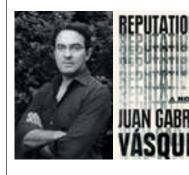
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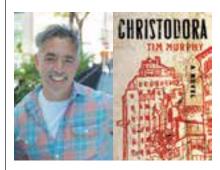
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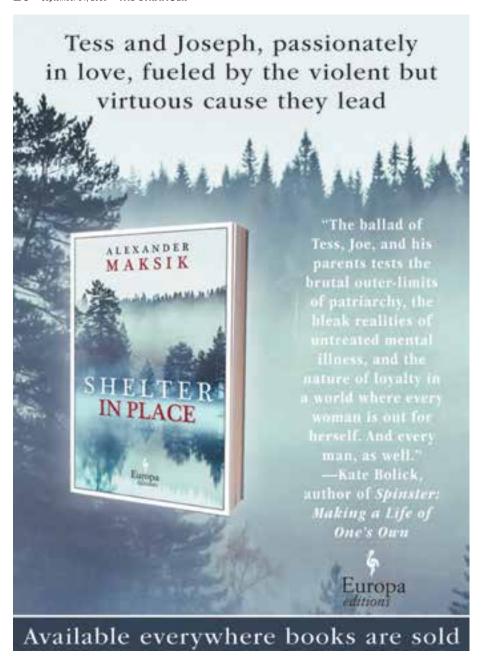
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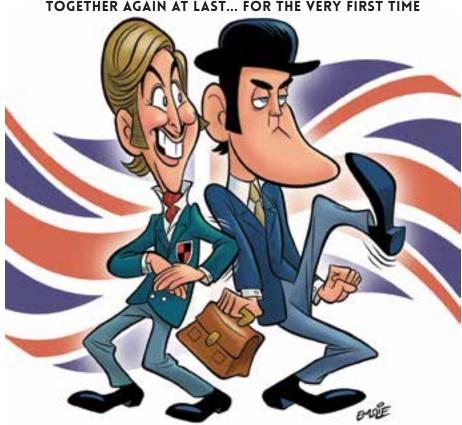


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TEAGUE GOW





MAKES:

Custom-built cages for gourds to grow within. And Airbnb installations.

EVOKES:

The tension between action and sculpture, between time and the body.

WANTS:

To drive a Zamboni.

ob Rhee was a college freshman in need of a work-study job, and his first choice, driving a Zamboni on the campus ice rink, was reserved for hockey players.

He was not a hockey player, he was an aspiring writer, and they let aspiring writers monitor the wood and metal shop. So that's where "I fell ass-backward into the best graduate school in sculpture in the country," he still marvels. A teacher who turned out to be the celebrated sculptor Jessica Stockholder, then head of the sculpture department at Yale, told Rhee that he could sit in on the weekly critiques—"if you want, since you're always here messing around," as he remembers.

"In my work, everything happens in the touch," said the 34-year-old native New Yorker who now teaches at Cornish College of the Arts and lives in Seattle.

for instance Rhee's series



Occupations of Uninhabited Space, ongoing since 2013. First, he custom-builds cages (see above) that he ships to amenable gourd farmers in rural Washington.

Over days and nights out in the fields, the gourds, with the cages the farmers have placed over them, grow up and through, and are shaped by, Rhee's premade forms.

In a gallery, after the sculptures have been harvested, to be shown as they were last year at Glass Box, the bars of the metal press into the gourds like fingers into flesh. It can almost look violent, a rude jolt placed on a genteel white sculpture pedestal. Or the metal might drape ornately around a gourd's neck, like jewelry.

The bodily sensation each piece elicits depends on how Rhee designed the cageeach cage is different, partly determined by type of gourd—as well as elements that are uncontrollable, like the weather that year in those fields.

Each gourd sculpture is a body trying to express itself. In the process, the body is exerted upon by outside forces both planned and haphazard.

Rhee's sculptures allegorize livingbodyness. They're often about the tension between action and structure, a body in time and a body in space. The boundaries are often palpable and provocative. Once, he displayed sculptures alongside videos that mixed fact and fiction about how the sculptures were

At Out of Sight this past summer at King Street Station, he exhibited a piece made of walking canes standing on a short staircase made of cast concrete. The canes looked like they were delicately balanced. But a closer look revealed that the concrete had been cast to accommodate the irregular heights of the canes. Which half supported and created the other? Rhee titled the piece Invisible Hand, a play on laissez-faire economics. Rhee didn't want to be direct or political, but he offered, "I think sometimes we can talk about societal forces as if they're natural forces."

In 2015, Rhee brought together art and Airbnb. He offered an Eastlake condo on the short-term rentals site, with an art installation inside. Staying overnight, you cohabited with art rather than just visiting it glancingly. It was ingenious in that quiet Rhee way, where the work reveals itself in layers to not only the eyes or brain but also the body of the art-looker, who is also a dinner-eater, a toothbrusher, a sleeper. Being in a body, said Rhee, who became a father this summer, "is a pretty awesome way of being in the world." -JEN GRAVES

BARBARA EARLT

DEPICTS:

Catastrophe and beauty.

MAKES:

Egg tempera paintings, linocut prints, cut papers, poem-stories, very funny conversation.

WAVES:

At all men driving backhoes in parks department truc $\bar{k}s$, because that was her father's job.

ou just have to be brave," Barbara Earl Thomas told herself one day two years ago. "Get the knife and cut."

She didn't draw first. Not even a sketch. She picked up the X-Acto and started slicing at the white paper on her desk. If she made a mistake, she started over.

In no time, the painter and printmaker, now 67, had a new medium. You see it in mural-sized works and an entire illuminated chapel at the Bainbridge Island Museum of Art, where Earl Thomas's scenes of disaster are embraced in the minor salvations of her fluid lines. For 35 years, her work has put a little fragile light between us and the worst things. It's as simple, and remarkable, as that.

Big deal, she would say.

"Let's put it this way: My family, we are makers," Earl Thomas told me, describing

her grandfather, who made all his own clothes plus his cuff links and tie clips from melteddown coins.

Earl Thomas descends from people cut off from wealth—slaves and sharecroppers—but she's quick to point out that they didn't make things entirely out of need.

As a girl, she made clothes, embroidery, and decorations for the house. She loved to draw copies of other pictures. One day when her mother came home from work, she handed her a drawing. Her mother was so thrilled that Earl Thomas started doing it every day.

"So my initial way of thinking about art was that it was a gift—it was a gift that you gave to someone and it made them happy," she said.

"Happy" is too small a word for the effect Earl Thomas's adult works have on people, though it is something to do with joy.

She makes catastrophe and beauty keep company—the way they actually, unthinkably, do. Through a combination of abstraction, figuration, and irresistible palettes that blend the hot South and the cool Northwest, Earl Thomas keeps the eye moving endlessly. She's also an accomplished, visceral poet-writer, in her latest exhibition wailing with grief over so many killings of so many Black men. ("Paint brush, pen with blade in hand, silvery glint sparks, I cut to the bone—there is something to know about our history cleaved in bondage.") In her pictures, people huddle together, unable to do anything except hold each other in the midst of a conflagration of waves or flames. There are biographical traces here:



Thomas's parents died in a fishing accident in 1988 when their rowboat capsized in a storm.

Earl Thomas was a student of celebrated artist Jacob Lawrence, who taught at the University of Washington, where she also studied with Norman Lundin and Michael Spafford. Because Earl Thomas had a full-time job all the way through grad school, she couldn't make it to the student meetings for the final thesis exhibition, so she was excluded. The vear was 1977.

From age 17, she always had a full-time job outside her studio. Again, it was just what her people did. Before semi-retiring five years

ago, Earl Thomas had her most prominent position, as leader of the Northwest African American Museum. She headed it from 2008 to 2013—its very first years. (She still raises money for it and says with a giggle that she has no idea why she's able to persuade people to part with money.) As a result, the works of art in her studio had to develop slowly. But she never thought of herself as a part-time artist. Her work flows from her like breath.

"I don't consider myself to have a career: I have a life," she declared. "Art is part of it. I'm really clear. I would do this anyway, you know? I would do this anyway." —JEN GRAVES



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WAS **SPEECHLESS**

A high-school friend said, as though it were a compliment, "You're the skinniest Samoan I've ever seen!'

HAS:

A love for the history of matcha tea.

ario Lemafa only briefly romanticized art as a studio practice. "I come from performance," Lemafa declared instead. In high school, it was musicals. In college, it was theater. But as a person of color, Lemafa ran into limitations immediately—and he fit in better with the performance-art crowd anyway.

A story Lemafa tells is like a line straight out of a joke about how to know when you're a performance artist. For an early photo work, "I told my mother to put this houseplant on my face as I laid on the floor," Lemafa told me, giggling.

It was a really big houseplant. The photo appeared in Lemafa's 2012 graduation show from the University of Washington's



photomedia program, titled Be Tropical. The picture of Lemafa prone under a potted palm was tacked to the gallery wall with a palm-tree sticker. Stickers were juxtaposed with black-and-white images of aboriginal sculptures, hula girls, Elvis, and Lemafa pretty in pink beach towel

A little history: Lemafa, 26, was born in Hawaii, of Samoan descent. With a brother, Lemafa was raised mostly by a single mother. They moved so many times that Lemafa

lost count, and anyway it didn't much matter, because they always had a place with other Pacific Islander families and church communities. They were people with a strong sense of indigenous identity and nomadic living, of origins and movements.

Lemafa's wildly creative, DIY work is reflective of all of those realities and more. It is analog and fleshy, digital and flashy. It teems with life in any medium, and often it's funny.

Earlier this year at Interstitial, Lemafa's

selectively bleached aloha shirts-near a shelf of travel-size bottles full of tropicalscented and fruity-colored cleaning agents for sniffing—felt pointed, lighthearted, visceral, and emo all at the same time.

An entire show can usually be packed up into a suitcase and moved. The glaring exception was in 2012 when Lemafa exhibited a series of photographs at 4Culture documenting a journey revisiting the 15 places the family had lived in Washington alone. In the center of the room was placed a rickety staircase—the one from the family's current mobile home, detached and transported into the gallery.

Lemafa wears a Darigold jacket because it marks a certain working-class and poor background that is real and continuing (it was Lemafa's stepfather's work jacket). Lemafa does not want to be a careerist artist or a member of the "creative class." Hustling up odd jobs supports the work of pulling people together by way of art. The biggest thing to come out of the Interstitial show for Lemafa was not a sale of any kind but rather a potluck that involved all kinds of foods related to the Pacific Islands, from processed and mass-produced to homemade and traditionalist.

Two other artists joined the collaborative-spirited Lemafa, Seattle's Roldy Aguero Ablao and Samoan writer Sia Figiel, and since June, Lemafa and Figiel have been crossing the American South on foot. They stop to meet with fellow Pacific Islanders for conversations about food, culture, obesity, and indigenous health, often at military bases and churches. Lemafa calls it practicing "walking the talk, literally." The walk isn't art. It's a service mission by a native road-tripper always in touch with home, an enrichment course in preparation for the next potluck. —JEN GRAVES

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PINEAPPLE OR



MELESLYN MELESLYN

PRODUCES: Independent feature films.

HAS:

20 to 25 projects in the works at the

NEEDS:

To find an apartment.

feel way more inspired by Seattle [than Los Angeles]," says Mel Eslyn, the independent film producer whose current slate includes five movies in release between now and the end of the year: Uncle Kent 2, The Intervention, Dreamland, Blue Jay, and Rainbow Time. "I feel way more at peace and at home here."

She also has two other projects in production, three in postproduction, six in some form of active development, eight on which she's serving as an adviser/mentor—all told, 20 to 25 works in progress. In addition to her work as head of indie film content for Duplass Brothers Productions, and traveling between her home in Seattle, her office in LA, and the location shoots of her various projects, she's also branching out into writing with an eye toward her ultimate goal of directing her own projects. For a filmmaker, this is a good kind of busy.

It just so happens that on the day we're speaking, Eslyn is busy trying to solve a problem that has beset an increasing number of Seattle artists over the past few years: Figuring out where she's going to live. The apartment she has occupied for the past five years, on the second floor of a wobbly old house near Volunteer Park, was recently sold to—surprise!—a condo developer. She and her partner/frequent collaborator/roommate



found out last week that they have until mid-October to vacate, so between cups of coffee and conversation, Eslyn looks around her apartment, trying to mentally calculate which of her belongings to keep and which to purge.

The sudden move complicates Eslyn's larger goal to spend more time in Seattle shooting films but also just living. The time when artists could find affordable solace in our city, trading the industry access of New York and Los Angeles for the comforts of a less cutthroat form of urbanity, is a memory.

"It's a struggle to stay in Seattle," she says. "But it's home to me. I'm really connected to the people in this community, and I care about it so much. It's made me who I am in so many ways."

She adds, "I think it's really important to maintain a strong indie film community with a presence outside of LA. I want to believe we have that. But I'm nervous about Seattle film right now. A lot of really good people have moved away, or have one foot out the door."

Eslyn clearly doesn't want to be one of them. Several projects and people keep her connected to the local community. SJ Chiro's debut feature, Lane 1974, and Webster Crowell's web series Rocketmen both recently reached the editing milestone of picture lock after several years of work each. Eslyn serves as executive producer on both. And she becomes visibly animated when describing the short documentary (with a virtual-reality component) she's working on with Wes Hurley about Hurley's extraordinary family history that they're trying to complete in time for the final deadline (September 26) to submit to the Sundance Film Festival.

"These projects take more time," she says. "And nobody makes any money on them. But they need to be nurtured. I feel so lucky to be able to do that work. Now I just need to figure out where I'm gonna live."—SEAN NELSON

RECTOR

A film director, a film producer, and an

MAKES:

Work about Native Americans, a group that has almost no presence in mainstream or indie cinema.

ALSO:

Makes work about the environment.

ith Tracy Rector, there is no point where her politics end and her art begins. The reason for this is found in the fact that her politics and art predominantly concern Native Americans, a group that, even in our late day and time, still has almost no presence in mainstream and indie American cinema. If one hopes to end this sad state of affairs, they must become political—because the system by which the movie industry excludes or represents Native Americans is almost totally political. Meaning, the history and plight of this group makes no sense unless it is seen as a consequence not of nature or destiny but of decisions made by one group (those in power, those with money,



those who want more land) in the interest of that group.

Now think about this: Not one of the nominees at this year's #OscarsSoWhite Oscars was Native American, and the last big Native American role in Hollywood, Tonto in Disney's reboot of The Lone Ranger, was played by a white man (Johnny Depp). This is the kind of cultural background one must set the work and activism of Rector in. As the executive director of Longhouse Media, a film production group that focuses on indigenous

narratives and images, she has for the past 11 years helped to provide the resources for films about a group of people that, if not ignored entirely, is vastly misrepresented.

The organization also works hard to make sure these films are made with as much care and creativity as possible. It is not enough to just point a camera at Native Americans and show them doing this or that; one has to transform these images into a feeling. For example, the Longhouse Media short documentary Our Home~(2005) is about how the acidification of

Puget Sound is not only destroying the life forms in that body of water but also an old culture that has had a very close relationship with those life forms. The destruction of this relationship is not so much about food but about a whole world, a whole way of thinking and dreaming about water. Every image and sequence in this documentary captures the mood of this loss. And this mood (the art of the work) transforms the political into a feeling. (It was indeed the early-20th-century French novelist Marcel Proust who thought the function of a work of art is to connect the interior of one person with that of another.)

A prestigious grant from the Tribeca Film Institute in 2014 helped Rector and a team of excellent Longhouse Media filmmakers expand the themes of Our Home into a fulllength documentary, Clearwater, about the 15,000-year relationship between regional tribes and Puget Sound. The strange thing about this work (which is not vet completed) is how it is at once angry (even outraged) yet deeply peaceful. It's angry about what capitalism has done (polluted our bodies of water, deprived people of their basic human rights, disrupted old and profound associations), but it's peaceful because the waters and land captured by Rector's camera are still and will always be alive with the ancestors. The peace in this work is respectful. And I think this is Rector's aesthetic and genius. You find it again in her short film Maiden of Deception Pass: Guardian of Her Samish People—this anger that never explodes, this peacefulness that's never untroubled. —CHARLES MUDEDE

CIOFF

Intellectually fearless.

WAS:

Instrumental in SIFF's first-ever virtual reality programming this year.

GOT:

Detained by the Nigerian state for seven days in 2007 while making Sweet Crude, a documentary about the oil-rich Niger Delta.

ou will miss or misunderstand much of the brilliance in Sandy Cioffi's work as a filmmaker and educator if you fail to appreciate her intellectualism. Cioffi takes theories about economics, power relationships, and class struggle very, very seriously. Post-Fordism and neoliberalism are as real to her as stones on a table. For most people, terms like "late capitalism" lead to a blank wall in the mind: These words mean nothing at all and cannot be applied to daily life. This is not the case with Cioffi. In her mind, the words bring into distinction the manner and mode of, say, our education system: how it operates, who it privileges, who it excludes.

This is how I can describe Cioffi: a raw ball of intellectual energy. This energy can be channeled into a film project, like 2007's Sweet Crude (a documentary that got her into a whole lot of trouble in Nigeria, an oilproducing country with a ridiculously awful environmental record), or into virtual reality



as a new dimension of filmmaking. Indeed. during a conversation I recently had with her about her advocacy of virtual reality, Cioffi repeatedly pointed out that she was in a race to define the theoretical language of this new art.

With Cioffi, the art is not found only in the completed film or a film-related event she helped organize, such as the groundbreaking SIFFX—SIFF's first program dedicated to virtual reality—but in her processes. You need to catch Cioffi as she is working/thinking through something. She thinks in intellectual terms, but the ideas, concepts, and theories are not for her mere castles in the sky; they are part of the air we breathe, the food we eat, the ground we walk on.

Speaking about the difference between

SIFFX and more established programs, Cioffi said to me: "The traditional academy has not been at the level of dialogue about virtual reality that it should be. And I think the reason for this is that the technology is potentially disruptive... Formal institutions are not able to get behind this, and so we have to use informal ways to do what those formal institutions should be doing."

Though intellectually fearless, she is also aware that new forms of technology are not good simply because they are new. They can become either good or bad for society according to how they are used. "Is virtual reality a potential doomsday device?" she said. "People seem to have a pretty visceral reaction when they experience it. And by it, we mean X. The unknown. We are trying to solve for X, the radical unknown.'

What is known is that SIFFX, which this year involved virtual reality headsets and screenings (at the Pacific Science Center Laser Dome) of the most accomplished works in this form, successfully put Seattle on the virtual reality map. The thing that many may not appreciate is that virtual reality is not out of the woods yet. The technology still has many bugs and crashes often. To run a four-day program devoted to virtual reality is a very risky and demanding operation. Most would avoid the trouble. SIFF did not. The result, SIFFX, was not glitch free, but it managed to draw a lot of local and national attention. Much of the success of this program is thanks to Cioffi. —CHARLES MUDEDE

the Stranger's 25TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE



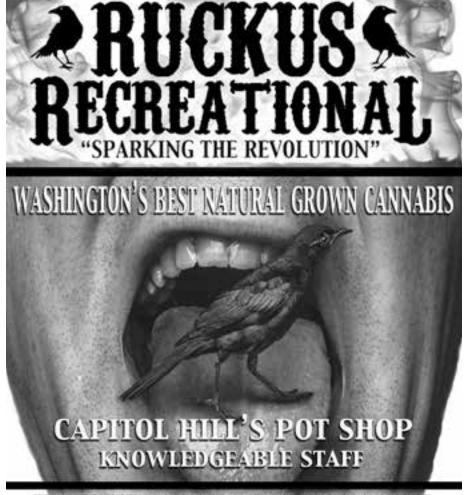
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CLEAN YOUR BONG A TWICE MONTHLY

How to Eat Weed Without Flipping Out

BY DAVID SCHMADER

nother week, another story of someone eating weed and going bonkers. The latest: the unsuspecting fiftysomething man in Omaha who found mystery brownies in the backseat of the family car, ate several, and spent many hours navigating a brutal highness.

The story is not without its remarkable elements. Unlike 98 percent of people surprised by brownies, our protagonist didn't begin shoving them in his mouth right then and there, with his torso still dangling in the backseat. No, he carried the brownies inside, ate a sensible dinner, and then enjoyed three or four of the brownies for dessert. (Why I highlight this: Delayed gratification is one of this week's Important Motifs.)

Also of note: As reported by the Omaha World-Herald, the drugged brownies found their way into both the car and the man thanks to the man's adult children, who'd used the car earlier in the day and failed to remove their laced cargo. Nevertheless, the father was forgiving, telling his apologetic daughter, "There's nothing to be sorry about" (and highlighting another of this week's motifs, personal responsibility). Most significantly, the man got into a news-

making feud with his cat, denouncing the feline to paramedics as "a bitch" that kept giving him judgey looks.

At best, calling a cat a bitch is factually inaccurate. At worst, it's transspecies misogyny. But in this case, feeling judged by

an allegedly bitchy pet is just another expected cliché in another "OMG I ate weed and got waaaaay too high" story.

To be fair, the story above is a cartoonish example of the genre, with its accidental consumption by an innocent victim pranked by circumstance. Way more exasperating—and way more common—are tales of edible weed freak-outs from purposeful ingesters who allegedly know what they're doing.

Everybody knows navigating edibles is tricky. Unlike smoking, which speeds THC into the bloodstream almost immediately after inhaling, ingesting cannabis involves the digestive system, which not only delays the arrival of effects for one to two hours but also amps the weed's strength, with the liver turning normal THC into superpowered 11-hydroxy-THC, which delivers effects that are deeper and much longer lasting than those delivered through smoke. These facts are readily accessible. But still we get story after story of weed eaters surprising themselves with overdoses and winding up stranded in some twilight gulag of horrors. (For the Omaha Pot Father, these horrors involved hallucinations of vampires, demons, and geometric shapes flying at his head, along with fears of his impending death.)

This is not about people being dumb. People of above-average intelligence—Pulitzer Prize-winning New York Times columnist Maureen Dowd, MacArthur "Genius" award-winning Radiolab host Jad Abumrad—are responsible for some of the best/ worst "I ate weed and got too high" stories in recent memory. This is about people being people, and people being bad at being

Patience, you see, is the crucial ingredient in any successful edible marijuana experience. The effects of eaten weed land between one and three hours after ingestion—a span that allows impatient partakers to hit the one-hour mark, decide they're "not feeling anything," and supplement their initial dose with another dose. The result can be a cascade of intensifying effects, as the first dose eventually hits its mark, followed not long after by the supplementary dose—a double whammy that sends the user straight to the endlessseeming hell of the over-stoned.

I understand that patience is hard, especially in the face of impending pleasure and escape. The desire to get high is emotional—you're seeking a feeling—but patience requires the overriding of emotion, ignoring any and all feelings to adhere to the facts. And one key fact for weed eaters is that,

> within that one- to three-hour span during which your THC's effects might land, the only number that matters is three. No matter what you're feeling. you must wait three hours after your initial dose before you can reasonably consider

menting it with a follow-up dose.

Another key fact: Three hours is a long time, especially if you're desperate to get high. Your best bet is to set aside a day when you're feeling patient and ambivalent about attaining any certain level of highness, and using that day to figure out your edibleweed dosage and wait time. Schedule a test run for a Saturday, or any day you have free of professional obligations, and follow these directions.

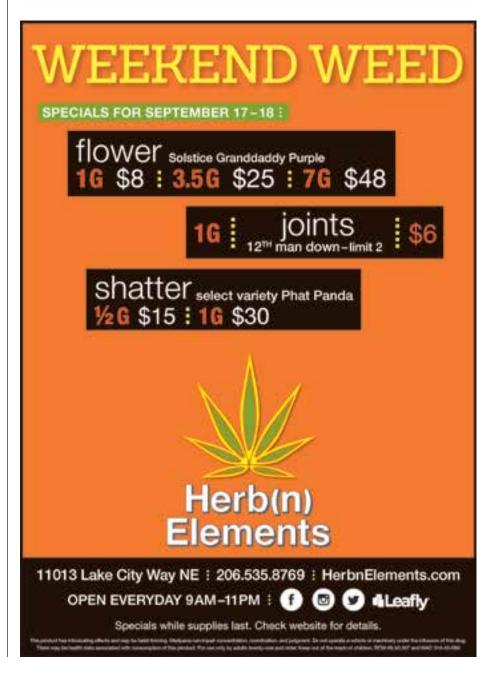
First, decide on your dosage. Familiarbut-irregular users should aim for between 10 and 20 milligrams of THC, newbies should aim for between 5 and 10 milligrams, and everyone can find precise THC measurements on all of Seattle's professionally made edibles.

Once dosed, set a timer for three hours. Not two and a half hours, or two hours and 45 minutes. Three fucking hours. Run out the clock by watching Hoop Dreams or Goodfellas or taking a seven-mile walk. If, after three hours, you're not as buzzed as you'd like to be, take another dose. Reset the timer and hit play on Hoop Dreams again. Repeat until you're as high as you want to be-but before you're so high you feel dead. ■

> Got a weed question? E-mail schmader@thestranger.com



















SAVAGE LOVE

 $No\ on\ 60$ by dan savage

I'm a woman who watches porn—we do exist and I have a mad crush on a male porn star named Small Hands. Unfortunately, his videos focus less on his handsome face and more on some girl's ass. Do! Not! Want! Is there a way to ask a porn star to please make a few movies in a certain way? I would like to see some movies that feature less of her and more of him!

 $Salivating\,About\,Male\,Performer's$ $Lovely\ Exterior$

"I work with anyone I get hired to work with. I don't have just one costar," said Small Hands, porn star, filmmaker, and composer. But the ass you're referring to, SAMPLE, the ass Small Hands has been seen with most, is the one that

belongs to his fiancée, Joanna Angel, the porn star/director/producer who pioneered the "alt-porn" genre.

"I got into porn because I started dating her," Small Hands told me after I read him your question. "I've been performing for three years, and my GF has been in the game for 12 years. She really put alt-porn on the map—she was the first girl with tattoos to appear on the cover of *Hustler* magazine." (Please note: "Alt-porn" has nothing to do with "alt-right."

The alt-right is about racism, anti-Semitism, and orange fascists—and alt-porn is about tattoos, piercings, and sexy fuckers.)

Regardless of whose ass it is, SAMPLE, you want to see less girl ass and more Small Hands face. Could he make that happen for you?

"Plenty of performers have clips-for-sale stores on their websites, and some make custom video clips for fans," Small Hands said. "But I can't provide special clips for this fan—as much as I would love to—because running our company and editing the films and composing music for them doesn't leave us much time for anything else."

If you want to watch porn that focuses more on guys, Small Hands recommends "porn for women" or "porn for couples."

"I strongly dislike these terms," said Small Hands, "as I feel they are outdated, sexist, and stereotypical. No one-man or woman-should tell a woman which kind of porn is for her and which kind isn't. Any pornographic film that a woman finds arousing or entertaining is 'porn for women.' But these films do tend to give the guys a little more screen time. Also, there's always gay porn, which focuses 100 percent on men, so no worry about seeing a lady butt in those movies."

While we're on the subject of porn: If you look at Small Hands' Twitter account-or the Twitter account of any porn performer working today-vou'll notice that most have "NO ON 60' as their avatar. Proposition 60 is a ballot measure in California that is ostensibly about protecting porn performers by requiring them to use condoms and mandates penalties for companies and performers that don't.

"It's really meant to drive the porn industry out of California under the guise of performer safety," said Small Hands. "Among the other problems with this thing is that it could make performers' private information public. So it's not really about our safety at all."

The $San\ Francisco\ Chronicle$ urged its readers to vote no on 60 in an editorial published recently.

"The initiative, however well intended, does not fully reflect the realities of the industry, the editors wrote, citing industry-standard STI screenings, the growing number of people who self-produce porn, and the emergence of drugs regimens (PrEP) that provide more protection against HIV infection than condoms. But the biggest problem with Proposition 60 is how it could endanger porn performers.

"The measure gives private parties the right to sue a porn producer if state health officials don't take action, a proviso that invites legal bounty hunting," the SF Chronicle continues. "Also performers, who often use screen names, could have their identities and addresses made public, a feature that invades privacy and could

lead to harm from porn-addled stalkers."

If you're a reader who lives in California, please vote no on 60. If you're a reader who doesn't live in California, please encourage your friends and relatives living in California to vote no on 60. And if you're an editor at the SF Chronicle, please retire the term "porn-addled stalkers. (While some porn stars have indeed been stalked, porn doesn't cause an otherwise healthy, non-abusive, and sane person to become a stalker.)

Before I let Small Hands get off the phone, I had to ask him about his nom de porn. How did 'Small Hands' become his porn name?

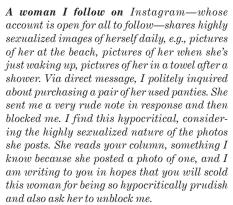
"I have tiny hands for a grown-ass man," said Small Hands, "and Joanna makes fun of me for it. I wrote it down on the forms when I made

> my first films. It's kind of a dumb name, but you won't forget it."

> Any advice for any, say, orange fascists out there who might be insecure about having tiny hands?

"Never be ashamed about having smaller-than-average hands," said Small Hands. "He should own it. And perspective is your friend, Donald. Put those tiny hands down next to your dick, and your dick is going to look bigger!"

Follow Small Hands on Twitter @thesmallhands , and check out burningangel .com, to see him and Joanna in action.



Personally Hurt Over This Occurrence

She may be a reader, PHOTO, but you're clearly not. Because I'm on her side, not yours, which any regular reader could have predicted. Someone sharing photos of themselves at the beach, in bed, out of the shower, etc., doesn't entitle you to their panties any more than someone sharing photos from their colonoscopy entitles you to their turds. There's no shortage of women online selling their panties, PHOTO, direct your inquiries to them.

I think you got things wrong with CUCKS, the man whose husband got upset when he reacted with excitement when his husband shared a fantasy about sleeping with another man. I think CUCKS's husband got upset because he only wanted more attention from his husband. Maybe CUCKS's husband fantasizes about cheating because he wants someone to want him intensely and he doesn't feel his partner wants him intensely enough. Telling his partner about his fantasy may have just been an attempt to get $his\ partner\ to\ show\ some\ emotional\ intensity.$

 $Tuesday\ Morning\ Advice\ Columning$

If you're correct, TMAC, I would advise CUCKS to dump his husband-because who wants to be with someone who plays those kinds of mind games? A person who lies about having a particular fantasy and then shames or guilts their partner for having the wrong reaction isn't a person worth sharing fantasies with, much less a life.

On the *Lovecast*. Dan chats with his brother. Professor Bill Savage, about our nation's historical fear of immigrants: savagelovecast.com.

> mail@savagelove.net @fakedansavage on Twitter

FREE WILL ASTROLOGY

BY ROB BREZSNY

For the Week of September 14

ARIES (March 21-April 19): What should you do if your allies get bogged down by excess caution or lazy procrastination? Here's what I advise: Don't confront them or berate them. Instead, cheerfully do what must be done without their help. And what action should you take if mediocrity begins to creep into collaborative projects? Try this: Figure out how to restore excellence and chee fully make it happen. And how should you proceed if the world around you seems to have fallen prey to fear-induced apathy or courage-shrinking numbness? My suggestion: Cheerfully kick the world's butt—with gentle but firm good humor.

TAURUS (April 20-May 20): For the foreseeable future, your main duty is to be in love. Rowdily and innocently in love. Meticulously and shrewdly in love. In love with whom or what? Everyone and everything—or at least with as much of everyone and everything as you can manage. I realize this is a breathtaking assignment that will require you to push beyond some of your limitations and conjure up almost superhuman levels of generosity. But that's exactly what the cosmic omens suggest is necessary if you want to break through to the next major chapter of your life story.

GEMINI (May 21-June 20): What do you hope to be when you are all grown up, Gemini? An irresistible charmer who is beloved by many and owned by none? A master multitasker who's paid well for the art of never being bored? A versatile virtuoso who is skilled at brokering truces and making matches and tinkering with unique blends? The coming weeks will be a favorable time to entertain fantasies like these—to dream about your future success and hap-piness. You are likely to generate good fortune for yourself as you brainstorm and play with the pleasurable possibilities.

CANCER (June 21–July 22): "Dear Soul Doctor: I have been trying my best to bodysurf the flood of feelings that swept me away a few weeks ago. So far I haven't drowned! That's good news, right? But I don't know how much longer I can stay afloat. It's hard to maintain so much concentration. The power and volume of the surge doesn't seem to be abating. Are there any signs that I won't have to do this forever? Will I eventually reach dry land? —Careening Crab." Dear Careening: Five or six more days, at the most: You won't have to hold out longer than that. During this last stretch, see if you can enjoy the ride more. Reimagine your journey as a rambunctious adve rather than a harrowing ordeal. And remember to feel grateful: Not many people have your capacity to feel so deeply.

LEO (July 23-Aug 22): If there can be such a thing as a triumpha loss, you will achieve it sometime soon. If anyone can slink in through the back door but make it look like a grand entrance, it's you. I am in awe of your potential to achieve auspicious reversals and medicinal awe or your potential to achieve auspicious reversals and medicinal redefinitions. Plain old simple justice may not be available, but I bet you'll be able to conjure up some unruly justice that's just as valuable. To assist you in your cagey maneuvers, I offer this advice: Don't let your prowess make you overconfident, and always look for ways to use your so-called liabilities to your advantage.

VIRGO (Aug 23–Sept 22): Caution: You may soon be exposed to outbreaks of peace, intelligence, and mutual admiration. Sweet satisfactions might erupt unexpectedly. Rousing connections could become almost routine, and useful revelations may proliferate. Are you prepared to fully accept this surge of grace? Or will you be suspicious of the chance to feel soulfully successful? I hope you can find a way to at least temporarily adopt an almost comically expansive optimism. That might be a good way to ensure you're not blindsided by delight.

LIBRA (Sept 23-Oct 22): "Brainwashing" is a word with negative ns. It refers to an intensive indoctrination that scours away a person's convictions and replaces them with a new set of rigid beliefs. But I'd like to propose an alternative definition for your use in the coming days. According to my astrological analysis, you now have an extraordinary power to thoroughly wash your own brain thereby flushing away toxic thoughts and trashy attitudes that might have collected there. I invite you to have maximum fun as you make your inner landscape clean and sparkly.

SCORPIO (Oct 23-Nov 21): My astrological divinations suggest that a lightning storm is headed your way, metaphorically speaking. But it shouldn't inconvenience you much—unless you do the equivalent of getting drunk, stumbling out into the wasteland, and screaming curses toward heaven. (I don't recommend that.) For best results, consider this advice: Take shelter from the storm, preferably in your favorite sanctuary. Treat yourself to more silence and serenity than you usually do. Meditate with the relaxed ferocity of a Zen monk high on Sublime Emptiness. Got all that? Now here's the best part: Compose a playfully edgy message to God, telling Her about all the situation: you want Her to help you transform during the next 12 months.

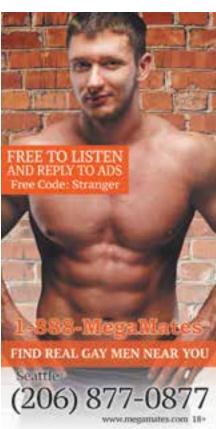
SAGITTARIUS (Nov 22-Dec 21): Novelist Tom Robbins said this about my work: "I've seen the future of American literature and its name is Rob Brezsny." Oscar-winning actress Marisa Tomei testified, "Rob Brezsny gets my nomination for best prophet in a starring role. He's a script doctor for the soul." Grammy Award-winning singersongwriter Jason Mraz declared, "Rob Brezsny writes everybody's favorite astrology column." Are you fed up with my boasts yet, Sagittarius? I will spare you from further displays of egomania under one condition: You have to brag about yourself a lot in the coming days—and not just with understated little chirps and peeps. Your expressions of self-appreciation must be lush, flamboyant, exultant,

CAPRICORN (Dec 22-Jan 19): By normal standards, your progres should be vigorous in the coming weeks. You may score a new privi-lege, increase your influence, or forge a connection that boosts your ability to attract desirable resources. But accomplishments like those will be secondary to an even more crucial benchmark: Will you understand yourself better? Will you cultivate a more robust awareness of your strengths and weaknesses, your needs and your duties? Will you get clear about what you have to learn and what you have to jettison?

AQUARIUS (Jan 20-Feb 18): I'm confident that you would never try to sneak through customs with cocaine-laced goat meat or a hundred live tarantulas or some equally prohibited contraband. Please use similar caution as you gear up for your rite of passage or metaphorical border crossing. Your intentions should be pure and your conscience clear. Any baggage you take with you should be free of nonsense and delusions. To ensure the best possible outcome, arm yourself with the highest version of brave love that you can imagine.

PISCES (Feb 19-March 20): Should you be worried if you have fantasies of seducing a deity, angel, or superhero? Will it be weird if some night soon you dream of an erotic rendezvous with a mermaid, satyr, or centaur? I say no. In fact, I'd regard events like these as healthy signs. They would suggest that you're ready to tap into as heairny signs. They would suggest that you're ready to tap into mythic and majestic yearnings that have been buried deep in your psyche. They might mean your imagination wants to steer you toward experiences that will energize the smart animal within you. And this would be in accordance with the most exalted cosmic tendencies. Try saying this affirmation: "I am brilliantly primal. I am wildly wise. I am divinely surprising."









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THINGS TO DO ARTS & CULTURE

All the Events The Stranger Suggests This Week Find the complete calendar of things to do in Seattle at strangerthingstodo.com StrangerTTD Stranger Things To Do



Streetwise Revisited: A 30-Year Journey

DON'T MISS In July 1983, Life magazine published a story by Cheryl McCall with photographs by Mary Ellen Mark about the place that was that year being touted as America's most livable city: Seattle. But rather than contentment, the story, called "Streets of the Lost," displayed a crush of homeless teenagers scraping by in the heart of downtown through prostitution, pimping, drug dealing, and whatever other hustle they could muster. Sound familiar? The unforgettable Life piece and the film that followed it, Streetwise, directed by Mark's husband. Martin Bell, could be made today in Seattle, with only the details changed. In this era of "emergency" homelessness, as the mayor has named it. Seattle Public Library is organizing an entire season of events around what's come from those first days

of Mark and McCall roaming the streets of Seattle in 1983. There will be screenings of both Streetwise and Bell's new film, Tiny: The Life of Erin Blackwell, which follows one of Streetwise's subjects, a woman still in Seattle, still struggling 30 years on. Photographer Mark died in 2015, and her images from Streetwise remain a landmark in the history of documentary imagery. The library will exhibit about 60 of them on loan from Aperture, and host discussions about art, documentary, social disaster, and Seattle today. Every person in Seattle should see these films and photographs and consider, despite the lasting power of the art, why things don't change. (Central Library, Sept 15-Nov 3, free) JEN GRAVES

We also recommend...

ART EVENTS

Black Box: Various locations, Sept 17-Oct 2 Seattle Design Festival: 2016 Design Change: Various locations, through Sept 23

GALLERIES

Leviathan Helm: Volunteer Park Water

Tower, free, Sept 15-20

The Underground Life of Piero Heliczer: Jacob Lawrence Gallery, Tues-Sat, free, through Sept 17

Complete listings at strangerthingstodo.com

READINGS & TALKS

Colson Whitehead

DON'T MISS Oprah told everybody to read Colson Whitehead's latest book, The Underground Railroad, giving the best-selling MacArthur fellow a huge signal boost. Whitehead appreciated the nod, as does, I imagine, anyone who's taken the weekend to drop into the world of this book. The novel follows Cora, a third-generation slave, through a literal underground railroad as she attempts to escape from a life of bondage. The subtle powers working within Whitehead's language put to rest any question of the book's a-little-too-on-the-nose premise. By way of example: At times he uses a matter-of-fact, even brusk tone when describing people being traded for gunpowder and cases of rum, a deft deflation

that emphasizes the quotidian nature of the slave trade's inhumanity. You'll want to hear him read from it because almost every other sentence falls into poetic rhythms and every other image burns into the mind. Whitehead has written a handful of books before this one, including the Pulitzer Prize finalist John Henry Days and the zombie thriller Zone One, but this is the one you want, at least for now. It's incredible. Plus, Whitehead will be joined in conversation with our very own Charles Mudede. (Central Library, Sat Sept 17, 7 pm, free) RICH SMITH

We also recommend...

Ann Patchett: Benaroya Hall, Mon Sept 19, 7:30 pm. \$10-\$80

Kate Carroll de Gutes, Brenda Miller, and Tarn Wilson: Elliott Bay Book Company, Mon Sept 19, 7 pm, free

Lit Fix 15: Chop Suey, Wed Sept 14, 7 pm, \$5 Peter Ho Davies: The Fortunes: Elliott Bay Book Company, Thurs Sept 15, 7 pm, free Rae Armantrout: Elliott Bay Book Company, Fri Sept 16, 7 pm, free

Complete listings at strangerthingstodo.com

Lee Scratch Perry's **Vision of Paradise**

DON'T MISS If the peak of Lee "Scratch" Perry's Black Ark period (which spanned much of the 1970s) is Super Ape—certainly one of the greatest LPs in the history of popular music—then the peak of his less remarkable post-Black Ark period (from the mid-1980s to now) is Battle of Armagideon. Released by Trojan Records in 1986, this LP contains a tune that tells you everything you need to know about this genius of Jamaican pop and cofounder of abstract reggae (dub): "I Am a Madman." He knows it. We should not doubt it. And this new documentary, which took 13 years to make, will definitely show it. (SIFF Film Center, Wed Sept 14, 7 pm, \$12/\$7 SIFF members) **CHARLES MUDEDE**

We also recommend...

70 mm Film Festival: Cinerama, through Sept 19

Afterschool: Scarecrow Video, Sun Sept 18, 7 pm, free

Captain Fantastic: Guild 45th Class of 1984: Scarecrow Video, Fri Sept 16. 8 pm. free

Don't Blink - Robert Frank: Northwest Film Forum, Thu Sept 15, 8 pm, \$11

Equity: Various locations Finding Dory: Meridian 16

For the Love of Spock: SIFF Cinema Uptown **Ghostbusters:** Meridian 16

Hell or High Water: Various locations Hunt for the Wilderpeople: Varsity Theatre Kubo and the Two Strings: Various locations

The Light Between Oceans: Various locations

Miss Sharon Jones!: Grand Illusion

Morgan: Meridian 16

Paul McCarthy and Mike Kelley: Heidi:

Northwest Film Forum, Sun Sept 18, 4 pm, \$11 Rushmore: Scarecrow Video, Tues Sept 20, 7 pm, free

Snowden: Various locations Southside With You: Sundance Star Trek Bevond: Meridian 16 **Sully:** Various locations

Ways of Something: Northwest Film Forum, Wed Sept 14, 7:45 pm, \$11

Complete listings at strangerthingstodo.com

FOOD & DRINK

Oktoberfest Brewer's Kick-Off

MISS Though many of us ignorant modern folk regard it as a somewhat tepid beer-garden thing, Oktoberfest started as an epic wedding party, celebrating the union of Crown Prince Ludwig of Bavaria to Princess Therese, held in Munich in 1810. Instead of getting wasted and sucking at the Macarena, they raced horses, had tree-climbing contests, and generally ruled shit. They also feasted on delicious German food, which goes way beyond pretzels and mustard, by the way. This year, instead of paying \$10 for mass-market copper lager, go to Alstadt's Oktoberfest Brewer's Kickoff party on the 16th. Chef Megan Coombes will be serving up Oktoberfest specials (like grilled whole mackerel stuffed with lemon and herbs), four local breweries (Seapine, Silver City, Chuckanut, and Alpine) will

be serving up specially brewed seasonals, and you'll get to feel extra German by participating in a traditional Oktoberfest keg tapping, featuring Butburger's very traditional Benediktiner abbey style weissbier ("The choice of the Vatican," according to Bitburger). Prost! (Altstadt Bierhalle & Brathaus, Fri Sept 16, 4-10 pm, \$20-\$30) **TOBIAS COUGHLIN-BOGUE**

Complete listings at strangerthingstodo.com

QUEER

Faggots in the Stacks: A Book Group

DON'T MISS All you had to say was "Seattle's forbidden World War II-era gueer cabaret" and our interest was entirely piqued. For their next discussion group, the Faggots in the Stacks are tackling the fascinating book An Evening at the Garden of Allah, which chronicles the unbelievable story of Seattle's seedy postwar underbelly. Sex work, drag queens, and dive bars abounded—in other words, the same old Seattle we know and love, only with better hair. Read the book ahead of time and get ready for some real sassy talk with your fellow literate fags. (Seattle Public Library, Capitol Hill Branch, Tues Sept 20, 6 pm, free) MATT BAUME

We also recommend...

Pride Lives 2016: The Cuff, Sat Sept 17, 2 pm, free

Complete listings at strangerthingstodo.com

PERFORMANCE

Rhinoceros

DON'T MISS You're probably going to spend a lot of time while watching Strawberry Theatre Workshop's production of Eugène Ionesco's classic absurdist play thinking, "Okay, but do the rhinoceroses stampeding all over this French town represent Trump supporters, or do they represent Bernie Bros, or do they represent Hillbots perfectly enacting the Democratic nominee's vagenda of manocide?" And then once you figure that out, you're going to be thinking, "All right, well, is this funny and pointed parable about the rise of the 20th century's worst -isms a critique of the idea of the state of political discourse, or a critique of incrementalism, or...?" By the end of the show, you'll think *Rhinoceros* is either EXACTLY the play we need to be seeing right now or EXACTLY the play we don't need to be seeing right now. (Strawberry Theatre Workshop at 12th Avenue Arts, through Oct 8, \$36) RICH SMITH

We also recommend...

Choreographic Shindig: Erickson Theatre Off Broadway, Sept 9-Sept 17, \$25/\$30 Naked Girls Reading: The Pocket Theater, Sun Sept 18, 7 and 8:30 pm, \$10/\$14 Princess, Ian Schuelke, and The World Extreme Pencil Fighting League: The Pocket Theater, Fri Sept 16, 10 pm, \$10/\$14 The Winter's Tale: Seattle Repertory Theatre, Sept 9-Oct 2, \$32-\$45 Working: Seattle Musical Theatre, Sept 9-Oct 2, \$35/\$40

Woyzeck: Seattle Theatre Works at North Seattle College, Sept 16-Oct 1, \$10-\$20

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SEPTEMBER 19 | 8:00PM

SEPTEMBER 21 8:00PM

OCTOBER 5 8:30PM

with BRASSTRACKS SEPTEMBER 25 | 8:30PM

OCTOBER 8 9:00PM

SEPTEMBER 27 | 8:00PM

OCTOBER 28 | 9:00PM

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THINGS TO DO MUSIC Noteworthy Shows This Week



WEDNESDAY 9/14

Bomba Estéreo

(Neptune, all ages) Bomba Estéreo hail from Colombia's capital, Bogatá, and in general manifest the necessary tropes for electronic dance music: chanted, sometimes distorted vocals, more fun with the pitch bender, regimented drum computers snapping to attention at the end of phrases, bouncy beats. sounds like somebody's dropped a guitar in a vat of vegetable oil, chimes, echoes, whistles, and of course, the bass drop. I regret that I cannot understand most of the lyrics (some of it's in English), but Liliana Saumet's singing sounds passionate, even when it sounds like it's being recorded by a recorder in the next room over (shades of Exile on Main St). The male singer, Simón Mejía, sounds like he's having a hell of a time at his own karaoke party. **ANDREW HAMLIN**

Savage Master, Substratum, Hexengeist, Reevolution

(Funhouse) The majority of metal released in 2016 fits into the black, death, or thrash category and typically features a vocalist barking indecipherable lyrics into a microphone at an ear-blistering level. So it's a refreshing treat to hear a band like Substratum, who, alongside Skelator, are holding it down for classic heavy metal in the Northwest. If you're more into Iron Maiden and Judas Priest than Cannibal Corpse and Obituary, this is your jam. Badass frontwoman Amy Lee Carlson's

powerful voice soars over a sound best described as old school. Throw on your favorite jean jacket and pump your fist to some beerdrinking anthems. KEVIN DIERS

THURSDAY 9/15

Charles Bradley & His Extraordinaires. Fruit Bats

(Neptune, all ages) With his heartfelt vocals and boundless charisma. Brooklyn soul singer Charles Bradley was meant for stardom. Without luck, however, talent doesn't always find the audience it deserves, so it's fortunate that Daptone cofounder Gabriel Roth encouraged him to hang up the James Brown impersonator cape to strike out on his own. On his new record, Changes, Bradley adapts the Al Green template, R&B warmed with funk and sanctified by gospel, to his unique talents. He also has a way with covers, like Nirvana's "Stay Away" and Black Sabbath's "Changes," where he amplifies the soul buried in the originals. If his late-in-life success seems surprising, Bradley doesn't take it for granted—he plays every show like it's an audition that could make or break his career. **KATHY FENNESSY**

Action Potential: Inga Copeland

(Kremwerk) Russian-born musician Inga Copeland crept into public consciousness with the postmodern sampledelic duo Hype Williams in 2007. Their music met at the unlikely nexus between chillwave and

bass music, causing profound feelings of poignant ambivalence. Hazed-out covers of Doug Hream Blunt's "Gentle Persuasion" and Donnie & Joe Emerson's "Baby" reflected their tendency to distance themselves from "sincere" demonstrations of emotion. It was always filter upon filter, fake identity upon fake identity, creative feint upon creative feint for Hype Williams, Since HW split in 2012, Copeland (aka Alina Astrova) released the 2014 solo album Because I'm Worth It, a fittingly enigmatic excursion into cryptic, droll songwriting and elliptical, abstract electronic music that avoids easy categorization. This should be very interesting. **DAVE SEGAL**

Xenia Rubinos, Stas THEE Boss

(Barboza) Xenia Rubinos wants to punch you in the face with her work. She flings power chords, slashing drums, stringent truths about race relations in America, and ruby-red high notes around your throat like a bloodied vine. Her old-world vocal charm flurries through tales of public indignation and broken promises to raise a swirling eddy representative of the stark intensity of the high feminine. If she's even half as powerful live as she is on her latest album, Black Terry Cat, then we are in for a proper throwdown. Stas THEE Boss is one half of the now-defunct but forever important duo THEESatisfaction who's been performing solo sets rife with whip-smart, razor-sharp summer bummers. Don't miss these two.

KIM SELLING

Studio 4/4 Three Year Anniversary Show: James Zabiela

(Q Nightclub) Studio 4/4 keeps chugging along in tried-and-true techno/house time, marking three years of internationally renowned bookings in those styles. Their run of good taste continues with headliner James Zabiela, a Southampton, England, DJ/producer who's gained notoriety for mixing in breakbeats, loops, and effects into his house and techno productions. Besides being an in-demand remixer (he's reworked tracks by Radiohead, Orbital, Luke Vibert, Röyksopp, and many others), Zabiela has shown a keen ear for the dark, semi-strange end of the dance-music spectrum, without being too alienating. That ain't easy to do. DAVE SEGAL

Earshot Jazz: Stanley Cowell Trio

(Town Hall, all ages) Pianist Stanley Cowell has been around since the 1960s, playing with Rahsaan Roland Kirk, Sonny Rollins, Clifford Jordan, Stan Getz, Marion Brown (a devastating, criminally underhyped alto man), and others. Cowell brandishes a fist of force in a glove of elegance. His right hand roams on long, fast lines, making merry. while his left hand plunks down doubt, sadness, and restraint. Sometimes the right hand catches up with the left hand and they must have what my mother calls a come-to-Jesus meeting. Outside those climaxes, though, the chase still thrills. Go if you care a jot about living, breathing jazz. **ANDREW HAMLIN**

THINGS TO DO MUSIC

FRIDAY 9/16

Marduk, Rotting Christ, Carach Angren, Necronomicon

(Studio Seven, all ages) Norway's "big four" of Burzum, Emperor, Darkthrone, and Mayhem may not have invented black metal, but they are typically given credit for establishing its parameters, both in terms of sound and aesthetics. But the international influence of founding genre fathers Celtic Frost, Hellhammer, and Venom meant that this supposed golden era of black metal wasn't confined to Oslo and Bergen. Sweden's Marduk and Greece's Rotting Christ were churning out gnarly albums in the early 1990s that were far more refined and palatable than the work of the more tabloid-famous Norwegians. Decades later, Marduk and Rotting Christ continue to put more emphasis on crafting vicious songs rather than falling back on black metal's penchant for peddling controversy instead of culture, as evidenced in their most recent albums Frontschwein and Rituals. **BRIAN COOK**

Bonnie Raitt

(Chateau Ste. Michelle, all ages) Bonnie Raitt is a national treasure, a boozy beauty who speaks to your late-night karaoke heart's truest desires. Lonely? Bonnie. Tired? Bonnie. Lovelorn and tongue-tied? Bonnie. Her latest album, Dig in Deep, serves up all her sweet spots: thumping percussion meets steel-string wailing, with her signature vocal rasp and the classic heartsore lyricism of the responsibilities and subsequent fallout of human

relationships. Outside of the eye-rollinglynamed track "G*psy in Me," (gonna chalk that one up to casual white feminism and her longtime Chico's-Meets-Palm-Springs-Rodeo-Mom style), this album shows Bonnie's staying power in the light-rock-less-talk genre that's still got some kick to it. She remains stronger than many of her contemporaries and all around smoother going down than just about any Nora Ephron-esque rom-com soundtrack vou'll ever meet. KIM SELLING

The Legendary Pink **Dots, Orbit Service**

(Chop Suey) Even just looking at the Legendary Pink Dots' catalog is daunting. Try listening to it sometime. There's a Grateful Dead-like discographical bloat to the globe-trotting English-Dutch group's 36-year tenure, and having a filter or trusted guide would help one locate the peaks. Or is it all good? I don't have the time to find out, but what I have heard is sporadically brilliant. If you like laid-back Pink Floydian psych rock cloaked with gothic accouterments (main man Edward Ka-Spel's morose, mischievous, Svd Barrett-esque vocals and the Silverman's creepy, gossamer synths), the Legendary Pink Dots will have a surplus of material to transport you to whimsical and infernal realms. **DAVE SEGAL**

SATURDAY 9/17

Lee "Scratch" Perry, Subatomic Sound System, Dub Lounge International

(Nectar) I have the new Lee "Scratch" Perry album! It's called Must Be Free! It's great! It makes no sense even by Lee "Scratch" Perry

standards! I'll quit with the exclamation points now! He's collaborating with something or someone called Spacewave. The man says he can read minds, but he doesn't know that his own website hasn't been updated since 2010. I'm fascinated on each spin at how the new music recognizes the pull of classic, therefore expected, arpeggios and riffs in electronica, then systematically refuses them and throws out subtlety instead. No idea if the album will relate to the show at all. But Perry is 80. Catch what you can catch of him while you can. ANDREW HAMLIN

Great Falls, Big Trughk, Voycheck, Pink Muscles

(Funhouse) Offstage, the Great Falls guys are some of the nicest dudes in the Seattle heavy-rock scene. Put Demian Johnston (guitar, vocals), Shane Mehling (bass), and Phil Petrocelli (drums) onstage, however, and they reveal their evil intentions. A Great Falls live gig is an awesome, limb-flailing display of consolidated aggression, the physical embodiment of their explosive grindcore sound. More than just big riffs, their latest release, The Fever Shed, slows and accelerates as a cold-blooded creature would rest before it uncoils to catch prey. Elongated breakdowns stand next to choppy bursts of distortion, the binding factor being the same walking-onhot-coals catharsis you feel in the audience at their show. **TODD HAMM**

SUNDAY 9/18

Tears for Fears

(Chateau Ste. Michelle, all ages) Get ready for Britain's Tears for Fears to offer heaping

portions of 1980s nostalgia at the lush grounds of Woodinville's Chateau Ste. Michelle. Few bands better embody the brooding melancholy and paradoxically uplifting choruses as the pop-rock songwriting savants Roland Orzabal and Curt Smith. Their first three platinum-selling LPs—The Hurting, Songs from the Big Chair, and The Seeds of Love—exemplify the sort of fastidiously pretty songcraft and melodramatic lyrical worldview that swells hearts and offers succor to those living in a mad world. DAVE SEGAL

MONDAY 9/19

Garbage

(Paramount, all ages) I interviewed Shirley Manson last year, and she said she can still kill a party completely by walking into it. (I'm still struggling to believe it.) She also said that the new album had four possible titles. I don't know who came up with the title Strange Little Birds, but it's apparently the band's nickname for weird fan letters. Aside from the pro forma single "Empty," much of the new album comes off a bit less sounds-in-a-vacuum and a bit more desperate, a bit more hesitant about actually interacting with the world. Just a bit. It's not like the signature sound's gone. But that surface slickness sounds worn away in places. like a perimeter breached, honest strong emotions deciding on fight and/or flight.

ANDREW HAMLIN

Warpaint, Facial, Goldensuns

(Showbox, all ages) The last time I saw Warpaint was at Bumbershoot 2011. They



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were still touring on the back of the previous year's hit indie debut, The Fool, and they really grabbed me with their trippy desert folk and bouncy rhythms on that sunny September day. In 2014, their self-titled follow-up LP took a dive into more downtempo and contemplative moods, sounding far more solitary and standoffish than many were used to. Now six years removed from their initial successes, Warpaint have announced their new album, Heads Up, which will be out on September 23, and have released its first single, "New Song." The festival-poppy track is built around production that sounds like it was tossed off an Odesza side project. They still boast the hypnotic, echoey vocals that were partially responsible for drawing me in, but have moved even further away from the seductive, tweaked soft-rock sound that gave them life. **TODD HAMM**

Before Giants, Heartwork, Vesuvian, Method 13

(Funhouse, all ages) Here's a heap of contemporary, progressive thrash metal for them kids who just LOVE some serious growlin', hollerin', and boucin'! Both Before Giants and Heartwork play 1990s-era "metalcore" a turgid mix of pop punk's melodic passages, lots of starts and stops, maybe some rapping, tinny guitars, all driven by double bass drums which sound like a skipping CD. Anyway, as an old '80s hardcore kid. I'm always confused to see these groups (self) labeled "post-hardcore," because in its codified "extremeness," it doesn't come across as confrontational, but rather it feels like parody, maybe even bubbleaum. Of course, historically, bubblegum has always been the most accessible sounds for its target audience and in this case mostly suburban middle-class

TUESDAY 9/20

Sigur Rós

(Paramount, all ages) Question: First man to put a bow (as in for a violin, not for impaling deer at a distance) across an electric guitar? On film, at least, the answer is Jimmy Page, during a performance of "Dazed and Confused." That moment when Page pulls the strings, right before the bow begins to fray, that's when so-called "post rock," or at least the version of it propagated by Iceland's Sigur Rós, was born. It's the first time, maybe the only time, that rock escaped sex and reached into pure aesthetic bliss. Sigur Rós play aesthetic bliss, in their own melancholic way. They do so with a bow and do so rarely these days, which makes this evening with them a treat. For this tour, Sigur Rós will strip down to a core trio and plan to debut some new songs. **JOSEPH SCHAFER**

The Specials, the Far East

(Showbox) Who knew second-wave British ska would have such legs? Here we are, almost four decades out since the Specials' 2 Tone'd 1979–1981 heyday, and they're still playing big venues—although without founding member Jerry Dammers. The Specials' self-titled debut album is an exemplar of punk-infused ska with indelible hooks plus inventive covers of Rufus Thomas's R&B party jam "Do the Dog" and Toots Hibbert's careening "Monkey Man." Some fans think follow-up More Specials is just as good if not better than the first one, but it has nothing on it as momentous as the gravely skanking "Ghost Town." It's a moving expression of urban dread and desolation, but shot through with spasms of nearly absurd jauntiness. which tilts the song into genius. "Ghost Town" remains one of the greatest hit singles in any











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9/16 **FRIDAY**



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9/16 FRIDAY



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9/17 **SATURDAY**



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THINGS TO DO MUSIC

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WED 9/14

LIVE MUSIC

88 KEYS Musicians' Jam: Jens Gunnoe and Guests, 8 pm, free

BARBOZA Biddadat, Gully, La Fonda, 8 pm, \$8 BLUE MOON TAVERN Open

Mic With Linda Lee: Guests **BUCKLEY'S IN BELLTOWN** Live Music: Guests, 8 pm

CAPITOL CIDER Scott

Concinnity, 8-10:30 pm, free O CHAPEL PERFORMANCE SPACE Earshot Jazz: Tom Rainey & Ingrid Laubrock,

8 pm, \$18 **CHOP SUEY** Chung Antique, Retirement, Whitney Ballen, 8 pm, \$8

O CROCODILE BIBI Bourelly with PJ, 8 pm, \$12 **DARRELL'S TAVERN** Open Mic: Guests, 9 pm, free EGAN'S IAM HOUSE Vocal Showcase and Jam, 7 pm,

O FIX COFFEEHOUSE Open Mic: Guests, 7 pm, free

★ THE FUNHOUSE Savage Master with Substratum, 8 pm, \$10/\$12

HIGH DIVE Montessori Dads, Braden Blake, Ragan Crowe, 8 pm. \$8/\$10 HIGHWAY 99 James Howard Band, 8 pm, \$7; Wasted Words: An Allman Brothers

Tribute, 8 pm, \$7 J&M CAFE The Lonnie Williams Band, 8 pm, free KELLS Liam Gallagher

 MCCAW HALL Tedeschi Trucks Band with Nicki Bluhm and The Gramblers, 7:30 pm, \$32-\$66.50

★ ② NEPTUNE THEATRE Bomba Estéreo, 8 pm, \$20

O NEUMOS Kings Kaleidoscope, Citizens & Saints, 8 pm, \$18 OHANA Live Island Music: Guests, 9:30 pm, free

OLD RAINIER BREWERY Afro Latino Drum and Rhythm Circle/Class, 8 pm.

OWL N'THISTLE Justin and Guests, 9 pm, free

SUBSTATION Yada Yada Blues Band, 8 pm; The KED, The Conquerors, The Slow Dark, 8 pm, \$6

Drugs, Satchmode, 8 pm, \$12

Sparrow & The Dirty Birds with KOLARS, 8 pm, \$15

TRIPLE DOOR An Unplugged and Intimate Evening with Benise, 7:30 pm, \$30-\$55

O VERA PROJECT Wolvves, Matthews, Fair Lady, 8 pm,

JAZZ

★ ② JAZZ ALLEY Joey Alexander Trio, Through Sept 14, 7:30 pm, \$31.50 Jordan and Eric Verlinde,

7:30 pm, free **★ VERMILLION** Tables & Chairs Presents: Guests, 8 pm, \$5-\$15 Suggested

Verlan with DJ Paces Lift, 8-11 pm, free CENTRAL SALOON Fort George Presents: Low Alternative POG

Tournament, 8-11 pm, \$5 **CONTOUR** NuDe Wednesdays: Guests, 9 pm, free

* LOVECITYLOVE LOVECITYLOVE X WEDNESDAYS, 8-11 pm. \$5/\$10

Q NIGHTCLUB FWD: Andrew Luce & Alexander Lewis, 9 pm-2 am, \$11

REVOLVER BAR ★ DJ Kurt Bloch, 9 pm; Top of the Pops: DJ Jimi C, 10 pm, free

DANCE

MONKEY LOFT Paradise Sunset Sessions: Guest DJs, 7-11 pm, \$5

CLASSICAL

© BENAROYA HALL The Legend of Zelda: Symphony of the Goddesses, 7:30 pm

THURS 9/15

LIVE MUSIC

* BARBOZA Xenia Rubinos with Stas THEE Boss, 8

O CHAPEL PERFORMANCE SPACE Spill and Bad Luck, 8 pm, \$5-\$15

CHOP SUEY The Mama Rags, Electric No-No, Spirit Award, Po' Brothers, 8 pm,

© CROCODILE Anthony Eugene with Cool Grande at the Back Bar, 9:30 pm, \$7

O DOWNPOUR BREWING Open Mic Night: Guests, 5 pm, free

EL CORAZON Season of Strangers, White Label Analog, Lando, 9 pm, \$8/\$10

O THE FUNHOUSE The Convalescence, 7 pm, \$8/\$10

GHOSTFISH BREWING COMPANY St. John and

the Revelations, 6 pm, free: George Grissom, 6 pm **HIGH DIVE** Symbion Project, Science & The Beat, WMD, 8 pm, \$6/\$10 HIGHWAY 99 Trailer Park

Kings, 8 pm, \$7; The Trailer Park Kings, 8 pm, \$7 NECTAR Josh Heinrichs Peni Dean, Stay Grounded, 8 pm. \$15/\$18

★ ② NEPTUNE THEATRE
Charles Bradley & His
Extraordinaires, 8 pm, \$25-\$26.50

lke Watson, Peace & Red Velvet, Tay Zooited, Yung Germz, 9 pm, \$6

THE ROYAL ROOM Drew Martin, Human Ladder, Beasley, 7:30 pm

★ ② SHOWBOX SODO Atmosphere, Brother Ali, deM atlas, Plain Ole Bill, Last Word, 8 pm, \$27.50 SNOOUALMIE CASINO

© STUDIO SEVEN Sam

SUBSTATION Hellgoat.

Vimur, Vomicus, 8 pm, \$8 SUNSET TAVERN Tall Heights with Kris Orlowski, 9 nm \$12 50

TRACTOR TAVERN The Crookes, Great Grandpa, Guests, 8 pm. \$15 O TRIPLE DOOR Joseph

Arthur with Reuben Hollebon, 7:30 pm, \$25/\$30 O VAN VORST PLAZA Cornish@Amazon Sum Concert Series: Judd

Wasserman, 12-1 pm, free VICTORY LOUNGE Acid Teeth, Greenriver Thrillers, Sun Crow, 8:30 pm, \$5/\$8

JAZZ

VITO'S RESTAURANT & LOUNGE Casey MacGill, 5:30 pm, free

★ BARCA Jazz at Barca: Phil Sparks Trio, Adam Kessler, and Guests, 9 pm,

TAZZ ALLEY Karrin Allyson, Sept 15-18, 7:30 pm, \$29.50 PINK DOOR Bric-a-Brac, 8

SHUGA JAZZ BISTRO Chris James Quartet, 7 pm, free

★ ② TOWN HALL Earshot Jazz: Stanley Cowell Trio, 8 pm, \$10-\$20

DJ

BALLROOM Throwback Thursdays: DJ Tamm of KISS fm, 9 pm, free CONTOUR Jaded: DJs Jades

& Morgueanne * HAVANA Sophisticated

Mama: DJ Nitty Gritty a DJ Sad Bastard, free * KREMWERK Inga Copeland, 9 pm, \$12 LO-FI London Loves, 9

NEUMOS Kanye Fest, 9 pm, \$5

★ PONY Billion Dollar Babies: DJ Aykut Ozen and Pretty Baby, 9 pm

★ O NIGHTCLUB Studio 4/4: James Zabiela: Three Year Anniversary Show, 9 pm-2 am, \$15

R PLACE Thirsty Thursdays: DJ Flow, free

* SPECKLED & DRAKE Bohannon Vs. Bo Hansson, 9 pm-1 am, free

TIMBRE ROOM Hype TRINITY Beer Pong Thursdays: DJ Yup and Catch24, 9 pm-midnight,

DANCE

MONKEY LOFT Deck'd Out: A Rooftop Party with Guests, 7-11 pm, \$5 VARIOUS LOCATIONS

(AROUND DUVALLA) Somnium Summer Camping & Music Festival 2016, \$15-\$30

FRI 9/16

LIVE MUSIC

88 KEYS Dueling Piano Show, 8 pm, free BARBOZA Home Sweet Home, Lowlands, Saint Claire, 7 pm, \$8

BLUE MOON TAVERN Dr. Hellno & The Yes Men. Get. The Colour Project, 9 pm, \$5

★ CHATEAU STE. MICHELLE Bonnie Raitt, 7 pm. \$50.50-\$86

CHINA HARBOR Orquesta la Solucion, 9:30 pm, \$15

★ CHOP SUEY The Legendary Pink Dots with Orbit Service, 8 pm, \$25 © CROCODILE HW&W
Fambam Party with Gravez

Tek.Lun, Drewsthatdude, 9 pm. \$10 **© EL CORAZON** The

Spill Canvas, As The Moon, Joyfield, Moments: Requestour, 8 pm. \$15/\$17 **© FREMONT ABBEY** Matt the Electrician, Stefan Paul George, Reed Turner, 8 pm,

O THE FUNHOUSE Choke

the Pope, The Wastedeads, Fuzz Attack, Porn Bloopers, 9 pm, \$7

HIGH DIVE Down North Puff Puff Beer, Guests, 8 pm, \$8/\$12

HIGHLINE Actionesse Filthy Femcorps, Crystal Desert, 9 pm, \$5 HIGHWAY 99 Nikki Hill, 8

O HOLLOW EARTH RADIO Kevin Greenspon, KGD, Ant'Ird, LA Lungs, 8 pm midnight, \$5-\$10

LO-FI CFM, 9 pm, \$10 NECTAR MADCHILD, Grayskul, The Bad Tenants Capriccio, Mr. Hi-Def, 8 pm. \$15

O NEUMOS Slightly

Flagrant, Shane Diamanti, Decan No-Uh 8 pm \$10 SALSA CON TODO O Salsa con Todo Drop-In Classes and Social Dance: Guests, 8 pm, \$7-\$22; • Afro Latino Drum and Rhythm Circle/ Class, 7-8 pm, \$10

SEAMONSTER Funky 2 Death: Guests, 10 pm, \$5-\$7 SLIM'S LAST CHANCE Petunia & The Vipers, Marieke & The Go Get 'Em

SPINNAKER BAY BREWING All-Star Women's Blues Jam: Guests, free

★ ② STUDIO SEVEN Marduk, Rotting Christ, Carach Angren, Necronomicon, 6 pm, \$20/\$22

SUNSET TAVERN The 29th Annual Rockabilly Ball, Sept 16-17, 9 pm, \$25

★ ② TACOMA DOME

Drake with Future and
Guests: Summer Sixteen
Tour, \$49.50-\$129.50

TIM NOAH'S THUMBNAIL THEATER Friday Night Open Mic, 6:30 pm, \$3-\$5

TRACTOR TAVERN Airbourne with The Wild, 9 pm, \$30

• VERA PROJECT Gringo Star, Animal Camera, Master Bedroom, 8 pm, \$10/\$12

VERMILLION Wildstyle Guests, 10 pm, free VICTORY LOUNGE The Glaring, Get My Gun, Coyote Bred, Photon Pharaoh, 9 pm, \$5/\$8

JAZZ

JAZZ ALLEY Karrin Allyson, Through Sept 18, 7:30 pm and Through Sept 17, 9:30 pm, \$29.50

LATONA PUB Phil Sparks Trio, 5 pm, free

O TULA'S Thomas Marriott Human Spirit Quartet, 7:30 pm, \$18

ASTON MANOR Cabaret Fridays: Guests **BALLROOM** Rendezvous

Friday: Dj Mack Long, 9 pm ★ BALTIC ROOM Juicy: '90s & 2000s Old School Throwbacks, \$10

One, Sean Cee, Curtis,

BARBOZA Jet: Dance Party DJ Set with Special Guests, 10:30 pm. free HAVANA Viva Havana: Soul

Nostalgia B, and DV One, 9 KREMWERK EPROM Samurai Live, 9 pm, \$12/\$15 MONKEY LOFT Paradise Sunset Sessions: Guest DJs, 7-11 pm, \$5

NEIGHBOURS Absolut Fridays: DJ Billy the Kid and DJ Trent Von, 9 pm

THURS, 9/15 - SAT, 9/17 SHANE TORRES

WITH BRETT HAMIL

Shane Torres is a stand up comedian, writer, and actor. He made his late night debut on Conan just this year. You may have also seen him on Last Comic Standing or acting on IFC's Comedy Bang Bang. Shane has appeared on the Savage Love podcast and contributed writing to Paste Magazine, Laughspin, The Portland Mercury, and Nailed



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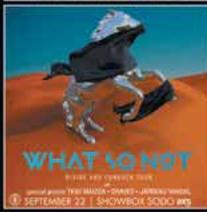
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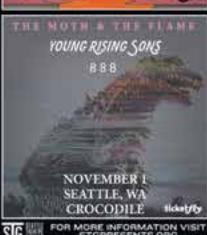












NEUMOS COMING UP NEXT

THURSDAY 9/15 KANYE FEST A DJ DANCE NIGHT

FRIDAY 9/16 SLIGHTLY FLAGRANT SHANE DIAMANTI + DECAP + NO-UH

SATURDAY 9/17 SEATTLE'S 9TH ANNUAL AMDEF

THURSDAY 9/22 **CHROME SPARKS ROLAND TINGS**

SATURDAY 9/24 EL TEN ELEVEN MYLETS

MONDAY 9/26 DIZZY WRIGHT

DJ HOPPA + AUDIO PUSH + MARK BATTLES

TUESDAY 9/27 **NICK WATERHOUSE**

> WEDNESDAY 9/28 **ALLAH-LAS**

JUST ANNOUNCED! FRIDAY 9/30 THE SCENE AESTHETIC LIFE AS CINEMA + JOYFIELD + MONEY PIT

BARBOZ — COMING UP NEXT —

THURSDAY 9/15 XENIA RUBINOS STAS THEE BOSS + JUSMONI (DJ HOTEP)

> **FRIDAY 9/16** HOME SWEET HOME LOWLANDS + SAINT CLAIRE

> > WEDNESDAY 9/21 STEVE GUNN NAP EYES

> > > SATURDAY 9/24 LIIMA **BLACK GIRAFFE**

WEDNESDAY 9/28 STILL CORNERS **FOXES IN FICTION**

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THINGS TO DO All the Shows Happening This Week

Q NIGHTCLUB Mint: Marty Mar & Guests, 10 pm-3 am, \$10

R PLACE Swollen Fridays: with DJ E, 9 pm

THE ROYAL ROOM Deep

TIMBRE ROOM Foolish Fridays, 9 pm-2 am, \$5 before 10pm/\$10 after 10pm; Juju Fuzz: A Night of African Dance Music, 7-11 pm, free

TRINITY Power Fridays: DJ Guy and DJ Famous, \$0-\$10

DANCE

VARIOUS LOCATIONS (AROUND DUVALL)
Somnium Summer Can
& Music Festival 2016,
\$15-\$30

CLASSICAL

Q 415 WESTLAKEWanderlust, 8 pm, \$45

SAT 9/17

LIVE MUSIC

88 KEYS Dueling Piano Show, 8 pm, free O AMANDINE BAKESHOP

Saturday Lounge: DJ Beanone, 1-4 pm, free BELLINI Leif Totusek
 — Solo Jazz Guitar, 6-9

pm, free BLUE MOON TAVERN

Shagnasty, The Generous Pour, X-RAY, 9 pm, \$5 **© CHOP SUEY** School of Rock: Led Zeppelin, 5:30 pm, \$10/\$12

CLUB HOLLYWOOD CASINO Johnny and the Bad Boys and DJ Becka

Page, 9 pm, \$5 * CROCODILE Del Tha Funky Homosapien, Richie Cunning with DJ Bad DJ, Poe Lucero: Iller Than Most

EL CORAZON Item Blackstone Daze, The Hard Way, Chasing Oz, 9 pm, \$8/\$10

Tour, 8 pm, \$20

★ THE FUNHOUSE Great Falls, Big Trughk, Voycheck, Pink Muscles, 9 pm, \$8

HIGH DIVE 80's Invasion!, 8

HIGHLINE Ramona, voung ster jiji, SupperClub, Lenin Was A Lover, 9 pm, \$7

HIGHWAY 99 Hot Wired Rhythm Band, 8 pm, \$17 ★ O KEYARENA Blink

182, A Day to Remember, All-American Rejects, 7 pm. \$23-\$71 LUCKY LIQUOR The Devil

Bores Me, The Pagan South, Adult Mauling, 9 pm, \$5

★ NECTAR Lee "Scratch"
Perry with Dub Lounge
International and Guests, 8 pm. \$22.50

Q NIGHTCLUB Fresh Prints: Ginuwine, 10 pm-3 am, \$20 RENDEZVOUS The Bismarck with Smashie Smashie, 9:30 pm, \$6/\$8

THE ROYAL ROOM MotherOfPearl with Fysah, 9 pm, \$10

O SHOWBOX SODO Thrice. La Dispute, Nothing, Nowhere, 8 pm, \$23.50-\$29

SKYLARK CAFE & CLUB Los Morries, Dogstrum, Chris Mess, 9 pm-1 am, \$7

SLIM'S LAST CHANCE Coyote, The Weird Fangs, 9 pm. \$5

O STUDIO SEVEN Dope with Guests: Dope Reunion Tour. 7 pm. \$15/\$20

SUBSTATION The Bitter Roots, Purusa, Jason Groce,

6 pm, \$5 sunset tavern The 29th

Annual Rockabilly Ball, Through Sept 17, 9 pm, \$25 TRACTOR TAVERN Sara Watkins with Mikaela Davis, 9 pm, \$20

TRIPLE DOOR Captain Smartypants: Girl Crazy, 8 pm, \$25/\$35

★ ② VERA PROJECT Thirdstory, LOLO, 7 pm, \$16.50/\$20

VERMILLION Pad Pushers:

n the Wood, Force Publique, Shadowlands, Bacteria, 8 pm. \$5/\$8

VITO'S RESTAURANT & LOUNGE The Tarantellas, 6-9 pm. free

★ WHITE RIVER AMPHITHEATRE Evergreen Fest, 12-1 pm, \$27-\$66

JAZZ

JAZZ ALLEY Karrin Allyson, Through Sept 18, 7:30 pm and Through Sept 17, 9:30 pm. \$29.50

DJ

with DJ Kipprawk, free **ASTON MANOR** NRG Saturdays: Guests, free BALLARD LOFT DI

Saturdays: DJ Pheloneous, DJ Tamm of KISS fm, and DJ Brett Michaels, 10 pm, free BALLROOM Sinful

Saturdays: Guests, 9 pm BALTIC ROOM Crave Saturdays: McClarron and

BARBOZA Inferno: DJ Swervewon and Guests, 10:30 pm, \$5 before mid-night/\$10 after

CHOP SUEY Dance Yourself Clean: Guests, 9 pm, \$5; free before 10:30 p.m.

★ CUFF DJ Night: Rotating DJs. 10 pm-3 am. free

GORGE AMPHITHEATRE Magnifique 2016: Kaskade, Chromeo, Duke Dumont,

Guests, 3:30 pm, \$73 HAVANA Havana Social: Nostalgia B. Curtis, Soul One, Sean Cee, and DV One, 9 pm, \$15

LO-FI Snap! 90's Dance Party. 9 pm. \$10 MERCURY Machineries of

Joy: DJ Hana Solo, \$5 **NEIGHBOURS** Powermix: DJ Randy Schlager, \$5

PONY Meat: Amateur outh and Dee Jay Jack **O NIGHTCLUB** Fresh Prints:

Ginuwine, 10 pm-3 am, \$20 RE-BAR Ceremony: DJ Evan Blackstone and Guests, 10 pm-2 am, \$5

TIMBRE ROOM Digital Love: Guest DJs, 8 pm-2 am, \$5 before 11pm

TRINITY Reload Saturdays: Rise Over Run and DJ Nug

DANCE

STAGE SEATTLE Vice Saturdays: Supreme La Rock & Rockwell, 10 pm-2 am, Free before 10:45pm/\$15 after 10:45pm

VARIOUS LOCATIONS (AROUND DUVALL)
Somnium Summer Camping & Music Festival 2016. \$15-\$30

CLASSICAL

BENAROYA HALL ★ Opening Night Concert with Ludovic Morlot & Joyce DiDonato, 5 pm, \$48-\$148; George Winston, 8 pm, \$37/\$47

SUN 9/18

LIVE MUSIC

O CAFE RACER Racer Sessions, 7:30-11 pm, free CAPITOL CIDER Jacob Zimmerman and His Pals. 5:30-8 pm, free

* CHATEAU STE. MICHELLE Tears For Fears, 7 pm, \$51.50-\$79.50

CHOP SUEY O School of Rock: History of Punk, 5:30 pm, \$10/\$12; Blicky, Blakk Glass, Red Martian, Year of Death, 9 pm, \$8

CROCODILE Stiff Spirit with Dogstrum at the Back Bar, 6:30 pm, free

O EL CORAZON The Body Rampant, Demon in Me, Satellite Cigarette, 7 pm, \$8/\$10

O THE FUNHOUSE Amona Criminals, Raised on TV. Pellegrini, Openhouse, 7 pm, \$8/\$10

HIGH DIVE Gully, Drew

Mirrors, Alberta, 8 pm, \$6/\$8

LITTLE RED HEN Open Mic Acoustic Jam with Bodacious Billy: Guests, 4 pm

I.O.FT DONCAT Ronhaai Castle Dwellers, 8 pm, \$7 **O MCCAW HALL** Narae 2016, 7 pm, \$25-\$75

NECTAR "The World Has No Eyedea" Premiere with DJ Abilities and Guests, 7 pm, \$15

O NEPTUNE THEATRE Mary Chapin Carpenter, 8 pm, \$45

THE SHOWBOX Band of Skulls, Mothers, 8:30 pm, \$20/\$23

SUBSTATION Bridges Will Break, You Never Were, Canals of Venice, Toy Ouota, 7 pm. \$8

SUNSET TAVERN The Hasslers, Alki Jones, Alex Rasmussen and the Road, 8 pm. \$8

TIM'S TAVERN Kirsten Silva's Seattle Songwriter Showcase: Guests

O TRIPLE DOOR Loudon Wainwright III with Eliza Rickman, 7:30 pm, \$32-\$40

JAZZ

JAZZ ALLEY Karrin Allyson, Through Sept 18, 7:30 pm, \$29.50

★ ② TULA'S Jim Cutler Jazz Orchestra, 7:30 pm, \$8 VITO'S RESTAURANT & LOUNGE ★ Ruby Bishop, 6 pm, free; ★ The Ron Weinstein Trio, 9:30 pm, free

DJ

NEIGHBOURS Noche Latina: DJ Luis and DJ Polo, 10 pm-2 am

* RE-BAR Flammable: DJ Wesley Holmes, Xan Lucero, and Guests, 10 pm-3 am, \$10

DANCE

VARIOUS LOCATIONS (AROUND DUVALL) Somnium Summer Cam & Music Festival 2016, \$15-\$30

CLASSICAL

© BENAROYA HALL
RECITAL HALL Byron Schenkman & Friends — Bach & the Mendelssohns, 7 pm. \$10-\$42

★ Ø ST. MARK'S CATHEDRAL Compline Choir, 9:30 pm, free

MON 9/19

LIVE MUSIC

88 KEYS Blues On Tap, 7 pm, free

CAPITOL CIDER EntreMundos, 9:30 pm, free CONOR BYRNE Bluegrass Jam, 8:30 pm, free

★ ② THE FUNHOUSE Before Giants with Heartwork, 7 pm, \$8/\$10 LUCKY LIQUOR Sid Law

O NEUMOS Nothing But Thieves, Civil Twiliaht, The Wrecks, 7 pm, \$19.50

★ PARAMOUNT THEATRE Garbage, Cigarettes After Sex, 8 pm, \$31.25-\$41.25 THE ROYAL ROOM Tatsuya Nakatani with Amy Denic and Greg Kelley, 7:30-9:30

★ ② THE SHOWBOX Warpaint, Facial. Goldensuns, 8 pm, \$25/\$28 SUNSET TAVERN Cole Holland, Meganix, Stephen Appman, Sean Backus, 8

nm \$8 THERAPY LOUNGE Cigarette Bums, Ferrari Boys, Last Picks, 8 pm-1

O VERA PROJECT Mrs. Magician with Guests, 8 pm, \$10/\$12

JAZZ

pm, free

O JAZZ ALLEY 17th Sister City Jazz Day: Featuring Kobe's 2016 Vocal Queen, Masae Nagashima, 7:30 pm, O TRIPLE DOOR Brian Nova Jazz Jam, 8 pm, free

DJ

BALTIC ROOM Jam Jam Mista' Chatman and DJ Element, 9 pm

- ★ BAR SUE Motown on Mondays: dj100proof, Supreme La Rock, DJ Sessions, and Bluevedsoul, 10 pm, free
- ★ MOE BAR Moe Bar Monday: DJ Swervewon Jeff Hawk, and DJ Henski, 10 pm, free

TUE 9/20

LIVE MUSIC

88 KEYS Seatown Allstars,

8 pm. free BLUE MOON TAVERN Totusek Tuesday Nights, 8-11 pm, free

CENTRAL SALOON Black Plastic Clouds, Liquid Light, Furniture Girls, 9 pm, \$5/\$8

O CHAPEL PERFORMANCE SPACE Earshot Jazz: Frode Gjerstad Trio, 8 pm, \$18 **CHOP SUEY** The Dumps The Crush, Mutt, Wood Knot, 8 pm, \$8

★ COLUMBIA CITY THEATER The Best Open Mic Ever: Guests, 7:30 pm, free

CROCODILE Caveman with Cheerleader, 8 pm, \$13
EL CORAZON Verb Slingers: Guests, 3 pm, free; • Haken, Thank You Scientist, Rishloo, Reverend Bear, Rhine, 7 pm, \$15/\$17

J&M CAFE All-Star Acoustic Tuesdays: Guests, 9 pm, free LUCKY LIQUOR The Rusty Cleavers, Motel Drive, The Sunday Saints, 9 pm, \$5

MOORE THEATRE Local Natives with Charlotte Day Wilson, 7:30 pm, \$30/\$32.50 O NEPTUNE THEATRE The

Temper Trap with Coast Modern, 8 pm, \$23.50 O NEUMOS NF with Guests,

PARAGON You Play Tuesday: Guests, 8 pm, free **★ PARAMOUNT THEATRE**

8 pm, \$20

Sigur Ros, 8:30 pm PARLIAMENT TAVERN Billy Joe and the RCs, 8 pm, free; South Sound Tug & Barge, 9 pm. free

THE ROYAL ROOM Jack Dwver & Nathan Roval, 7:30 pm. \$10/\$12

SEAMONSTER McTuff Trio,

11 pm, free **★ THE SHOWBOX** The Specials with The Far East, 8 pm, \$35/\$40

O STUDIO SEVEN The Art of Dying with Guests, 7 pm, \$14/\$17

SUNSET TAVERN Hot Panda, 8 pm, \$8

TRACTOR TAVERN Live "Band in Seattle" Taping with Hobosexual and He Whose Ox Is Gored, 8 pm \$10

O TRIPLE DOOR Iron Butterfly, 7:30 pm, \$28-\$35

JAZZ

JAZZ ALLEY Richard Bona with Mandekan Cubano, Sept 20-21, 7:30 pm, \$30.50 OWL N'THISTLE Jazz with Eric Verlinde, 8 pm, free ★ THE ROYAL ROOM

Delvon Lamarr, 10 pm,

donation DJ

BALTIC ROOM Drum & Bass Tuesdays: Guests, 10 pm ★ HAVANA Real Love '90s

BlesOne and Jay Battle, \$3; free before 11 p.m. MERCURY Die: Black Maru and Major Tom, \$5 R PLACE Homo Hop: Guests, 10 pm

DANCE

AMBER Tango Happy Hour, 6-9 pm, free COLUMBIA CITY THEATER Mr. P's Dance Class, 6-8 pm, \$10



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IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF WASHINGTON FOR THE COUNTY OF KING AMERICAN COMMERCE INSURANCE

COMPANY, a foreign corporation,

DENNIS SCHMIDT and WENDY DEMETER, husband and wife; 9930 SW 206th CT, VASHON ISLAND, WASH-INGTON 98070, a property; and VASHON LAND

HOLDINGS, LLC. a West Indies Company; FELINA, a vessel registered in Charlestown, with the call sign V4JX3; FELINACAT HOLDINGS, LLC, a West Indies

Defendants The State of Washington to the said DEFENDANTS DENNIS SCHMIDT and WENDY DEMETER,

You are hereby summoned to appear within sixty (60) days after the date of the first publication of this summons, to wit within sixty days (60) after the 17th day of August, 2016, and defend the above entitled action in the above entitled Court, and answer the Amended Complaint of the Plaintiff American Commerce Insurance Company, and serve a copy of your answer upon the undersigned attorneys for Plaintiff American Commerce Insurance Company, at their office below stated; and in case of your failure so to do, judgmen will be rendered against you according to the demand of the Amended Complaint, which has been filed with the clerk of said Court. The object of this action is for money judgment against Defendants, including Dennis Schmidt and Wendy Demeter as well as the following relief: (1) For the transfer of the Property Vashon Land Holdings, LLC to be voided.; (2) For the transfer of the Felinacat Holdings, LLC to be voided; (3) For the Vessel and the Vashon Property to be attached ment in the present matter in accordance with RCW 19.40.071 (a)(2); (4) For the Vessel and the Vashon Property to be executed post-judgment in the present matter in accordance with RCW 19.40.071 (b); (5) For this Court to issue an injunction against further disposition by Wendy Demeter and Dennis Schmidt of the assets transferred or of other property in accordance with RCW 19.40.071(a)(3)(i); (6) For other such and further relief as this Court deems just and equitable; and (7) For all reasonable attorneys' fees and costs

Arezou Arefi-Afshar Plaintiff's Attorneys.
COLE | WATHEN | LEID | HALL P.C. Phone 206.622.0494 | Fax 206.587.2476 303 Battery Street, Seattle, WA 98121 County of King, Washington

Rory W Leid III





ACTIONES **Crystal Desert, Dusty Filthy Femcorps** 9PM \$5

Saturday, September 17 **RAMONA** youngster jiji, SupperClub **Lenin Was a Lover** 9PM \$7

Thursday, September 22

Black Nite Crash Ivory Gear 9PM \$8-\$10

Friday, September 23 Mechanismus presents

ANGELSPIT / DIE SEKTOR,

THE DEAD ROOM

9PM \$10-\$15 Saturday, September 24

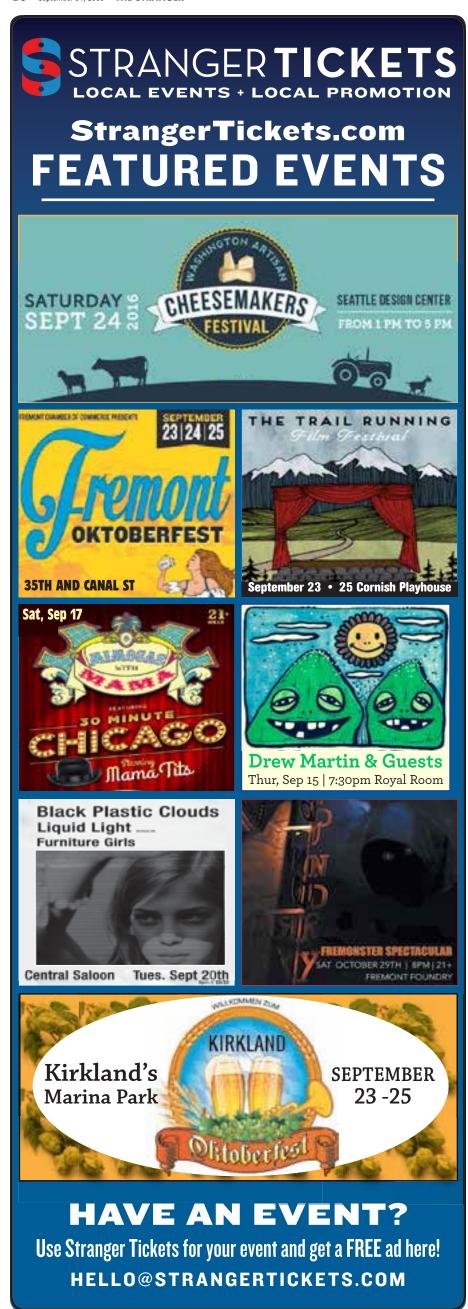
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Tracy Rector





















The Underground Railroad Is Bigger and Better Than You've Heard

Colson Whitehead's Hyper-Hyped **Novel Feels Like a Classic**

BY RICH SMITH

ast month. Oprah told everybody to read Colson Whitehead's latest novel, The Underground Railroad, which gave the New York Times bestselling MacArthur fellow a massive signal boost. President Barack Obama read it while on vacation and told Fareed Zakaria it was "terrific" and "powerful." Booksellers and famous writers are tweeting about it. This is the Big Book of the Fall Season, Y'all. So allow me to be the 1,000th person to tell you: It's even better than the hype.

Formerly a critic at the Village Voice, Whitehead has previously written five very different novels. His readers might notice a few key elements from earlier works floating around in The Underground Railroad—a focus on

African American history, a strong female lead, horror, and elevators—but this piece of

alternative history is very much its own. The story follows Cora, a third-generation slave who is prepared to take exactly zero shit from anyone as she travels through a literal underground railroad in an attempt to escape a life of bondage. The book hums along like a potboiler, but it hits with the power of a classic.

This is a rare feat. Genre fiction feels empty when certain literary devices—character traits. setting, images—exist only to satisfy the plot's request. Literary fiction feels boring when "nothing happens." In this book, Whitehead gives you the best of both forms: an ingeniously plotted story that is also rich in language. Poets will like the way Whitehead's sentences regularly fall into double rhythms. Literary fiction writers will like his two-beat lines and his command of the paragraph. People looking to quicken

their pulse will read this book in 18 hours with only one break for eating because how will Cora ever really escape her cramped attic hidey-hole when there's a slave catcher chasing after her with the cold certainty and endless patience of Death, and when just about anybody can kill her for any reason they want?

From the genre fiction playbook, Whitehead uses the plotty Hook & Return sentence a lot. "To explain why he and his wife kept Cora imprisoned in their attic, Martin had to go back a ways." His other favorite is the Long Introduction of a New Character at the Beginning of a Chapter technique. In Whitehead's hands, those moves aren't just flashy lures. They help us

Colson Whitehead in Conversation

with Charles Mudede

Sat Sept 17, Central Library, 7 pm, free

get into Cora's mind. The first establishes a tone of suspense, a state Cora inhabits nearly every second of

her life. The second, more cinematic, move creates a sense of disorientation. When Cora meets new people along her journey. she never knows whether they'll try to help her or kill her. And neither do you. Sometimes it's a little Column A/Column B. Most

patch of ground she protects with her life. of stars on a run through a swamp.

To assemble his alternate history of the period, Whitehead blurs chronologies, combines historical figures, and embellishes events. A passionate debate between a character named Mingo and another named Lander recalls the debates between Booker T. Washington and W.E.B. Du Bois, but also incorporates a bit of Marcus Garvev's black nationalism. The history of forced sterilization of black women provides material for one of the book's most disturbing sections.

relationship between slave catchers and free blacks in South Carolina sounds an awful lot like the stories of Sandra Bland and Philando Castile. A few weeks ago, Frank Ocean kicked off his highly anticipated new album, Blonde, with a line about the desire for Nikes. "Every dream a dream of escape even when it didn't look like it. When it was a dream of new shoes," Whitehead writes.

The Underground Railroad will also satisfy stony postmodernists who hold that a novel can only be "about" novels. In the beginning of this story, in a quietly devastating

While Cora is on the run (an escape that began under a new moon, though many escape by the light of the full moon), she falls in love with farmer's almanacs because "the tables and facts couldn't be shaped into what they were not"—a welcome image of security for a woman who's granted none. And yet, the character most closely associated with "facts" in the book is her primary antagonist, Ridgeway, the calm, ruthless slave catcher. He's introduced as the son of a blacksmith, heir to his "father's iron facts." Every single thing in Cora's life works like that. Even unshackled, she only truly feels free in brief moments: a glimpse

of the time, they just try to kill her. Anyhow, those two structural elements aren't just being used to artificially flavor the plot. They enact the idea of not-knowing, which reasserts the book's central theme. This is one of the bedrock pleasures of literary fiction.

But pain sprouts from every pleasure in this book. Every blessing is a curse. Take one image Whitehead works throughout the narrative: the moon. On the plantation, Cora is a farmer in her own right, the sole White

And at one point, Cora has a quilt, an item often associated with Harriet Tubman, suggesting that Cora might be her own underground railroad conductor. However many of these specific traits and events are based on real life, if you told me they had happened just as Whitehead wrote them, I'd believe vou.

The uncanniness of Whitehead's scenes and characters make their connections to contemporary corollaries resonate more loudly. Hype isn't the only context in which we receive this book; we've been wait-

> ing for it for a while. The way Whitehead writes about the

matter-of-fact tone, Whitehead's narrator describes the characters in purely economic terms. They're worth crates of rum and some gunpowder. Their price fluctuates based on perceived usefulness and other market forces. This move essentially places the reader in the position of the slave trader. Over the course of the novel, the characters grow into complex human beings with deep histories. That's an old, tried, and still true

power of the form, Whitehead seems to be arguing here. And one we clearly





SNOWDEN [Weather pun redacted.]

Snowden Reveals the Boring Side of Whistle-Blowing

BY CHARLES MUDEDE

dir. Oliver Stone

t takes about an hour for Oliver Stone's biopic of NSA whistle-blower Edward Snowden to completely run out of steam. The reason? Snowden appears to have done only one interesting thing in his life, which was revealing the scale of the Snowden

United States' surveillance program to the public. This was no small achievement, to be sure. It

had a huge impact on our society and made Snowden an enemy of the most powerful state on earth. But there is already a great documentary about the fallout of that act (Citizenfour), and there will surely be others.

Meanwhile, Snowden focuses on his life before the world-historical event, which was pretty mundane.

Snowden (played by Joseph Gordon-Levitt) failed as a soldier, never graduated from

high school, and was a self-taught computer programmer. He did not drink, or smoke, or pursue spy games while working for the

CIA. As for his romantic relationship with Lindsay Mills (played by Shailene Woodley), which takes up a good amount of the movie's 134 minutes, it had the usual ups and downs of a standard heterosexual affair. The two met

on the internet, got to know each other over time, eventually fell in love, broke up, got back together, moved to Hawaii, and were heading toward a mediocre marriage when Snowden decided to do something

Snowden appears

to have done only

one interesting

thing in his life.

truly incredible.

Because there is only dazzling, glamorone ous, spy-exciting moment (downloading the information at a secret military base in Hawaii and sharing its contents with reporters

in a Hong Kong hotel room) in Snowden's mostly uneventful life, Stone relies on too many fictional devices and basic thriller tropes to keep this one moment in the air. As you will not find a single person on earth who is not impressed by a man or woman who can juggle many balls with one hand, you will not find a person on this same planet who is not soon bored by a man or woman who can

continuously toss one ball with two hands.

But let's think about it for a moment. Why was Snowden's leak a global event? Why does it even matter that the NSA is reading our emails or texts or whatever? Most of us really have nothing to hide. Most of us are no more interesting than the next person. Most of us begin and end with how we present ourselves on social media. Indeed, Mills says exactly this to Snowden in the movie: She's not worried about the NSA entering her computer and looking at her files because all they will find is an average person.

Snowden's response to this? He knows that Mills is still checking out other men on dating sites. If he knows this, imagine what the NSA knows about her. Instead of being alarmed by this possibility, Mills calmly and even playfully assures her boyfriend that she is not fucking other men and is fully committed to their relationship. He is her one and only. And so a scene that's supposed to provide some tension to the plot turns out to be just another day in the life of a conventional relationship.

So what's the big deal? Why should we freak out about a mass surveillance program that is to the NSA what junk mail is to us? The best thing in this movie, Nicolas Cage (playing Hank Forrester, an instructor at a CIA school), provides the answer: The surveillance technology, Forrester explains,

is not about spotting and stopping Islamic terrorists, nor is it really about monitoring and catching shady Americans. It's really about private contractors selling very expensive shit (global surveillance programs with cool names like PRISM and

DISHFIRE) to government agencies with deep public pockets. Big government is big business. The fact that your name and internet habits can be revealed by a program does not improve national security—but it does sweeten a sales pitch. Now that's real talk.

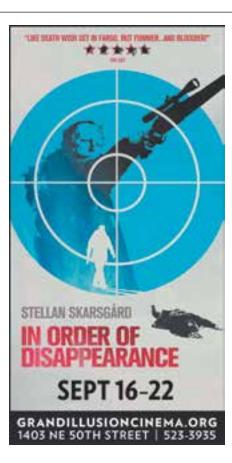
I wish they'd make a movie about that instead of the tedious reality of Snowden's boring-ass life. ■

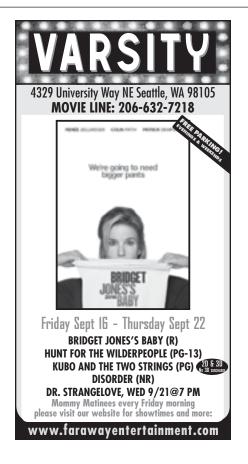


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OTHER PEOPLE









THE BEATLES Paul does his impression of the audience.

Eight Days a Week Follows the Touring Fab Four

BY NED LANNAMANN

The Beatles: Eight Days a

Week—The Touring Years

dir. Ron Howard

SIFF Cinema Uptown

he world needs a new Beatles documentary like it needs another garbage gyre in the Pacific Ocean, but $The\ Beatles:\ Eight\ Days\ a\ Week$ plays it smart by selecting a single lane of the Fab Four's sprawling saga and following it from

start to finish. Director Ron Howard's slick but enjoyable movie focuses on the group solely as a touring and performing entity during the Beatlemania years

of the early and mid 1960s. It didn't take long for John, Paul, George, and Ringo to become fed up with live performances, and the Beatles had switched to a recording-studio-only entity by the release of 1967's Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band.

Eight Days a Week focuses on the preceding years, when the group was shuttled from city to city, usually with pandemonium ensuing just outside the limousine windows. It was an era of 20-minute sets in rickety English cinemas and cavernous American sports stadiums—and much of the time the music was completely unheard beneath the deafening shrieks of the fans.

There's nothing in Eight Days a Week that Beatles devotees don't already know chapter and verse, and most of the live footage has been seen elsewhere. But it's never looked or sounded as good as it does here—a spruced $up\ version\ of\ their\ Live\ at\ the\ Hollywood\ Bowl$

album accompanies the film's release—and Eight Days' best feat is diagramming how the Beatles' insane popularity eventually destroyed them as a live

unit. The crowds were too big, the PA systems too weak, and the schedules too grueling. And the unrest in the United States during the '60s made the Beatles targets, particularly when they refused to segregate the audience at a 1964 Jacksonville, Florida, show and during the "bigger than Jesus" uproar of 1966 that saw Beatles records burned by the thousands.

Still, the hagiography is not too overwhelming, and maybe this goes without saying, but these guys were a lot of fucking fun to watch in those days, both on and off the stage. EightDays a Week is a well-drawn reminder that nothing gold—or platinum—can stay, not even the biggest band in the world. \blacksquare



















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Washington Is Getting So Cheesy

At the Washington Artisan Cheesemakers Festival, You Can Build a Better Cheese Plate by Looking in Your Own Backyard BY CORINA ZAPPIA



CHEESE IS DELICIOUS Cherry Valley Dairy of Duvall shows off the goods.

Ivery Christmas Eve, my older sister, my brother-in-law, and I ignore my slightly lactose intolerant little sister's and my mother's protestations. As we fill one or two massive wooden boards with all the fancy cheeses we've been dreaming about all year—Pont l'Évêque, Reblochon, Taleggio, Manchego, P'tit Basque, Rogue Creamery Smokey Blue-my mother cries, "Is this ALL we're having for dinner?"

The rest of the family can suck it. The night belongs to Big Cheese. Beforehand, we spend days arguing, like a pack of 7-year-old kids forced to share toys, over what makes it onto the board. We usually wind up with a cheddar, a blue cheese, a hard sheep's cheese, and at least one or two stinky cheeses that almost have legs enough to jump onto the plate themselves.

Admittedly, I lean more toward European imports than local Washington cheeses. It's not that I dislike any of them; I just don't know them very well beyond Beecher's Flagship and Mt. Townsend Creamery's Seastack.

If you're anything like me, you like what you've tried and would like to learn more, but you're not sure where to begin. The Washing-

ton Artisan Cheesemakers Festival on September 24 is a good place to start. Compared with most other states, the Washington

artisan industry is experiencing what Steve Jones, cheese expert and owner of Portland's Cheese Bar, calls "explosive" growth.

There are now more than 70 producers turning out everything from fresh chèvre to aged raw-milk Italian-style cheeses. The lion's share of these are small mom-and-pop creameries, not large Tillamook-style entities ready to take over the QFC deli case. But modest as some of these upstarts are,

they're turning out cheeses beloved by buyers across the country.

"You have absolutely everything, from people making fresh goat's milk cheese, to bloomy-rinded cow's milk cheese, to aged sheep's milk cheese, really intricate blues, washed-rind stinky. The spectrum is massive,' says Jones of Washington State's cheeses.

Washington excels at sheep's milk and washed-rind stinky cheeses, says Jones,

while Oregon "is very goat-heavy. With Oregon and Washington, we're able to work off green grass for a longer period of time. With green grass, you get a lot more richness and depth of flavor," he explains.

In a way, says Timmermeis-Kurt ter of Seattle's Kurt

Washington Artisan

Cheesemakers Festival

Sat Sept 24, Seattle Design Center,

1-5 pm. \$35 adv/\$40 DOS. 21+

Farm Shop and Kurtwood Farms, located on Vashon Island, Washington has more freedom than other parts of the world in terms of the types of cheese the state produces. Its cheese makers are freed from the

constraints of protected designation of origin

There are now more

than 70 producers

turning out everything

from fresh chèvre to

aged raw-milk Italian-

style cheses.

"There isn't this, like, if you're in Normandy,

you're not going to make Swiss cheese or Comté," he says. "It makes for a fabulous variety of cheese, no question... Small bloomy rinds, small washed-rind cheeses, and tommes. That's a huge chunk of what's made here. And fresh chèvre."

Washington's growing cheese industry is more similar to the state's brewing industry in its infancy than the wine industry, according to Jones. In both industries, a business often starts as a smaller passion project, he says. Whereas, "wine starts from big money that's whittled down to little money."

Money is, of course, the biggest hurdle for any burgeoning industry.

Rhonda Gothberg of Gothberg Farms (in Bow), the president of the festival's nonprofit beneficiary, the Washington State Cheesemakers Association, says cheese

makers have to deal with challenges as they scale up.

"Land acquisition, building the infrastructure, and complying with all the regulations are all very expensive, and then we get into labor costs," she says. "You can't do it all by vourself for very long. Finding employees

that want to do farm work or cheese work is not that easy."

As the community grows, so does the respect for its cheeses. "You're seeing more cheeses entered into competitions, more awards being given," Jones says. "Cheese buyers from around the country are trying to figure out how do we get these great cheeses from Washington State out to New York City. There's a lot of excitement about what's happening in Washington, nationwide."

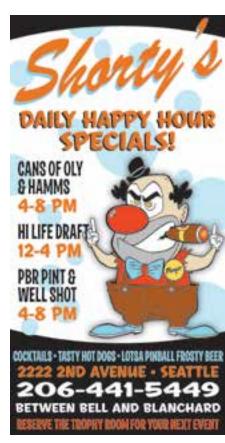
"Pardon the pun, but the grass is always greener," says Jones. "You always want the cheese you can't get in your backyard."

The best way to make sure the Washington cheese market flourishes is to vote with your wallet. "If you want great cheeses in 20 years, you have to start buying that cheese today so those creameries keep expanding and improving," Timmermeister says.

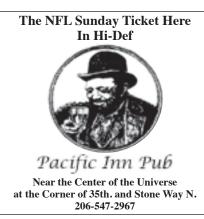
















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WE WANT ALL THE CHEESE

Sometimes one must pick and choose. Here, some local cheese makers offer up a few of their local favorites:



RHONDA GOTHBERG:

Monteillet Fromagerie makes beautiful French-style cheeses. Mountain Lodge Farm makes a really good hard, aged cheese. Ferndale Farmstead has fresh mozzarella. Tieton Farm and Creamery has nice little French-style bloomy cheeses. Pleasant Valley Dairy does a really nice Gouda.

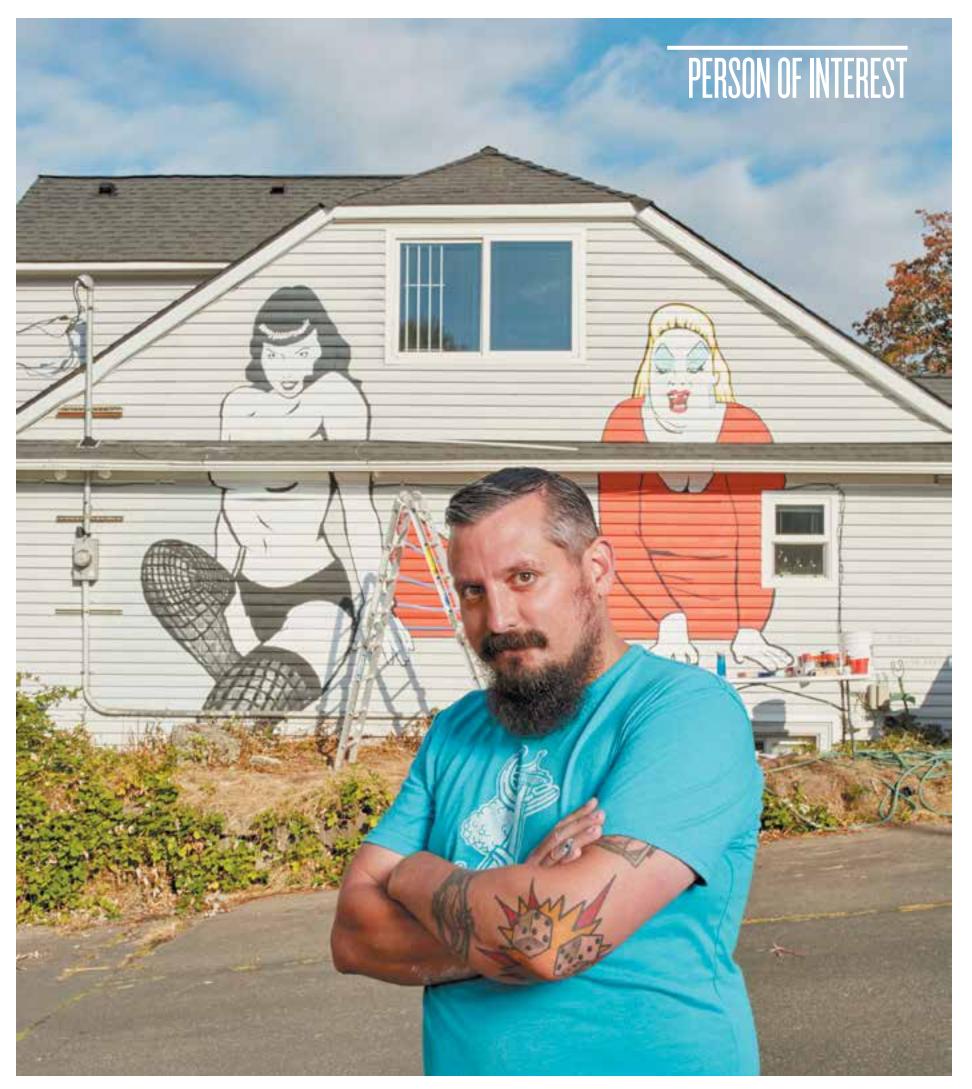
KURT TIMMERMEISTER:

I love **Yarmuth** cheeses from Darrington—they have [a goat cheese] called Nonna Capra that I think is exceptional. Tieton Farm from Eastern Washington—their [Reblochon-style, soft-ripened] cheese called Rheba. We also buy a lot of cheese from Cascadia Creamery—they make Glacier Blue, a beautiful, Stilton-style cheese. And I'm obviously biased toward the cheeses made at my farm.

STEVE JONES:

I'm a huge, huge fan of Cascadia Creamery. Their cheeses are raw, organic cow's milk. They seem very handmade, but they keep a very consistent flavor profile. They produce a couple of washed-rind cheeses that are very meaty, brothy, lots of umami, good depth of flavor, but still with a high degree of edibility-you just want to keep eating them. Black Sheep Creamery near Chehalis does these great rustic aged sheep's milk cheeses. Up in Northern Washington, there's a couple of new places that I'm excited to see coming on: Twin Sisters Creamery is making Whatcom Blue, a very approachable but very interesting blue cheese that's been a hit coming onto the market. Ferndale Farmstead does more Italian-style cheeses that are great melting cheeses. Also in that neck of the woods is Samish Bay Cheese, his fresh Ladysmith, for a simple cheese, I find it super exciting. It's usually only a week old—we quite often tell people this was grass last week.

If you don't make it to the festival, these stores carry a good selection of Washington cheeses: Beecher's Handmade Cheese, Kurt Farm Shop, Metropolitan Market, and Central Co-op. ■



Two Thangs

TEXT BY SYDNEY BROWNSTONE PHOTO BY STANTON STEPHENS

Driving north on I-5 past Ravenna, there's no way you can miss the Bettie Page house. For 10 years, a coy and shirtless Page greeted drivers as a mural on the side of Jessica Baxter's home, until people defaced the mural with gray paint this summer. To replace the artwork, she enlisted the help of local artist Two Thangs, aka Matthew Brennan IV. As it happens, Brennan specializes in pop art paintings of people's two favorite things. Now the side of Baxter's home

will display two people: Bettie Page and drag icon Divine. Brennan has been taking Two Thangs commissions for about a year and a half.

What's your neighborhood hangout?

Thankfully, in a couple of weeks it will be the newly reopened Seattle Elks Lodge 92, but until that time I'd say the Victory Lounge.

If you could fix one thang about Seattle with a magic wand, what would it be?

The homelessness issue. I walk through downtown to my studio in the International District/Pioneer Square every day, and there are a lot of people suffering in this city.

Does "two" thangs ever feel limiting? Do you think you'll ever want to rename yourself "Three Thangs" or "Four Thangs"?

The Two Thangs idea is more of a starting point to help people be less intimidated by commissioned artwork. Everyone can come up with two things that make them happy, remind them of places they've been, or just make them laugh... But one time, I had a 10-yearold boy come up to the booth and start coloring in one of my coloring books. He drew underpants on a cat in Cats and Candy and then told me he was starting Three Thangs, but that they'd always be cats, candy, and underpants. I'm planning on him taking over for me when I'm done. ■



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